Saturday Review

AUGUST 21, 1971/FIFTY CENTS

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# WHO RAISES RUSSIA'S CHILDREN?

by SUSAN JACOBY

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# We helped set up Jim Collier so he could develop a profit.

When Jim Collier came to Chase's Community Economic Development Division, he was already in business. He started as an assistant to a commercial photographer. When his employer decided to move into another area of photography, Jim established himself as a free-lance photographer. His former employer rented him studio space and friends lent him some money to begin operating.

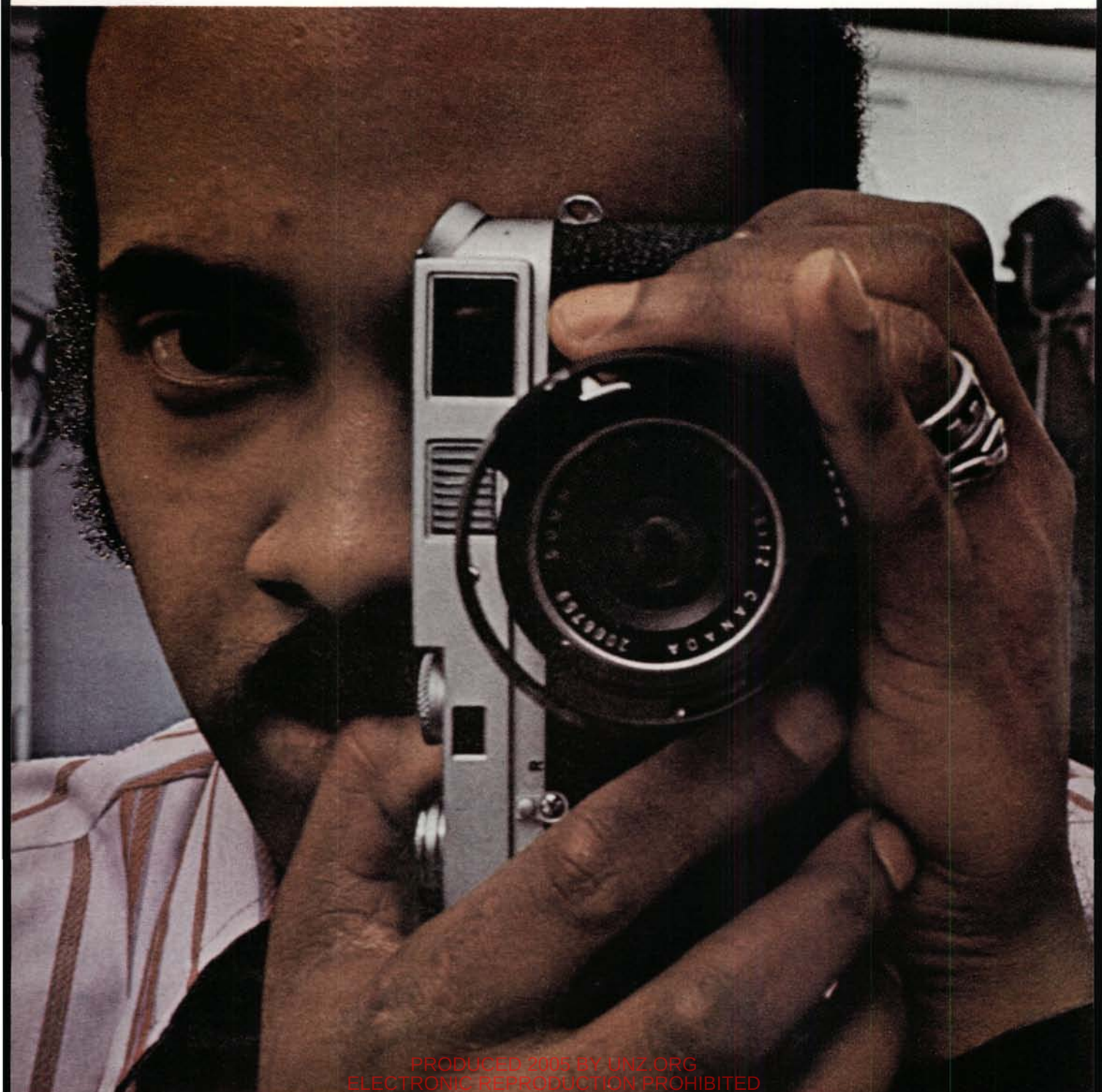
But Jim needed more money. To compete in this highly competitive field, he had to have the kind of expensive photographic equipment that would allow him to take on a variety of jobs.

So he came to Chase. With the money we lent him, he was able to acquire the necessary equipment. And we've continued to stand by with whatever financial advice he needs.

Jim Collier is now busy doing work for many of the nation's largest advertising agencies. And he has developed a great reputation as a photographer. And we're both developing a profit.

**A good motive for change is the profit motive.**

**THE CHASE MANHATTAN BANK**
1 Chase Manhattan Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10015/Member F.D.I.C.



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Saturday Review

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*by Susan Jacoby*

*Cover photo: Elliott Erwitt, Magnum*


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*(Advertisement)*

On Friday, April 5, 1968, the day after the assassination of Martin Luther King, Jr., Jane Elliott, who taught third grade at the Riceville, Iowa Community Elementary School, sat at her desk and waited for the children to arrive. The evening before, she had decided that she must do something to give these children a sense of what it has meant to be black in America.

Jane Elliott wanted her third graders to *feel* discrimination and she devised a simple but effective scenario. She simply divided the children into two groups according to the color of their eyes.

The brown-eyed children were "superior" that day—they had privileges and were encouraged to exercise them. Brown eyes could use the water fountain as usual. Blue eyes had to use paper cups. Brown eyes sat at the front of the room, went to lunch first, were told they were smarter and better. By lunch time, the blue-eyed kids looked and acted as if they were, in fact, inferior, while the brown eyes were happy and performed well. Some of the blue-eyed kids were so humiliated and dejected that Mrs. Elliott spent her lunch hour in tears.

Discrimination Day was a painful experiment, but the children agreed that it was an instructive one. Jane Elliott repeated Discrimination Day with three generations of third graders. ABC filmed the third one and aired it under the title *The Eye of the Storm.*

William Peters wrote the award-winning script for that documentary, and now he has written a book—A CLASS DIVIDED—about Jane Elliott and Discrimination Days at Riceville. The children's conversations, their posture and expressions as superiors and inferiors are reproduced in words and pictures. The situation was artificially imposed in Riceville, but the children's feelings as oppressor and oppressed are the reality of American cities and suburbs. Sharing their roles in A CLASS DIVIDED is a sobering experience—a hopeful one too. And one that speaks to all of us.

L. L. Day
Editor-at-Large

A CLASS DIVIDED ($4.95), by William Peters, is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or any Doubleday Book Shop, one of which is located at 310 North 8th Street, St. Louis, Missouri 63101.



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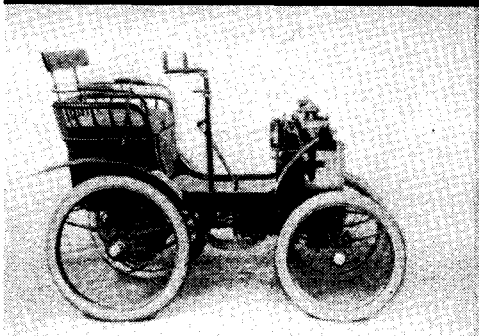
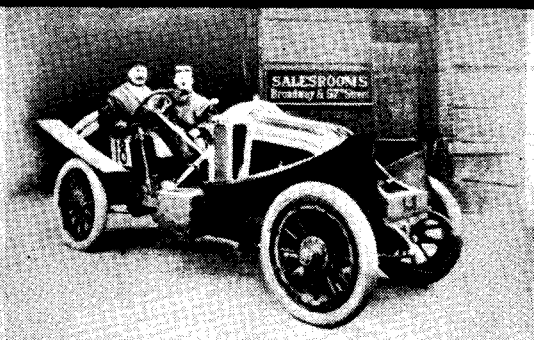
# Introducing a company that's older than you expected.



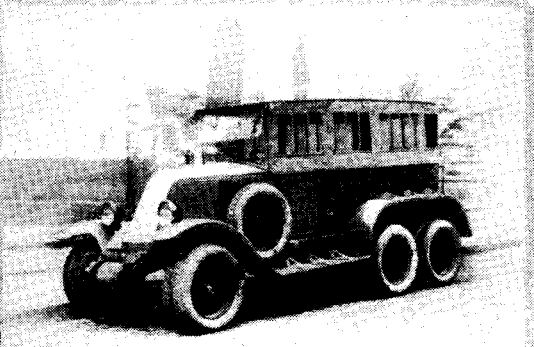
**1898.**
The Renault that started it all. (Before the Model T was a gleam in Henry's eye.)



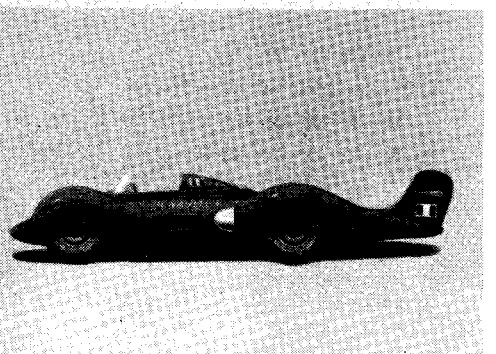

**1909.**
The Renault that won the New York 24-hour race. We get off to good start in America.

**1916.**
The Renault that worried the Red Baron. (1930: we are world's largest maker of aircraft engines.)

**1918.**
The Renault that turned the tide in the trenches. Even Renault workers got citations.



**1924.**
The Renault that made the first motor crossing of the Sahara.



**1956.**
The Renault that set a world's speed record at famous Salt Lake City flats.

**1966.**
The Renault 10 arrives in U.S.A. It gets up to 35 mpg and gains a very solid following.

**1968.**
The front-wheel drive Renault 16 arrives. But not before winning "Car of the Year" in Europe.

**1971.**
Renault Alpines take 1st, 2nd, 3rd in Monte Carlo against cars like Lancia and Porsche.

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# Introducing a car that's much more than you expect.

## The front-wheel drive Renault 12.

1971-72. You can finally get a reliable piece of transportation that doesn't ask you to sacrifice good road holding, or trunk space, or people space, or your bank account. It gets up to 30 mpg and goes for $2195.*

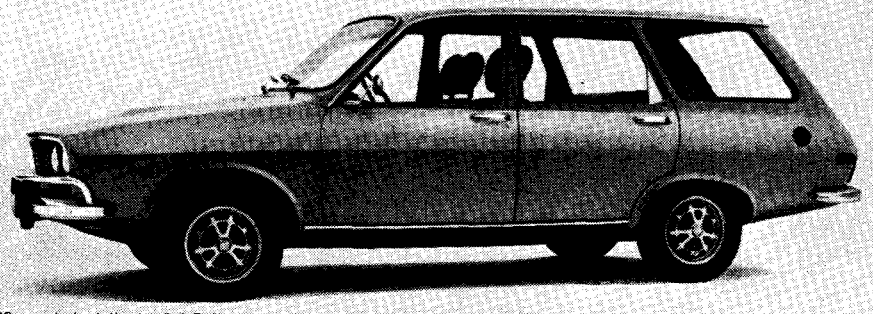
We can promise you uncanny road holding and better handling because the drive wheels are in front, and the engine is over them for better traction.

We produce more front-wheel drive cars than anybody in the world. Over a million a year. So it shouldn't be surprising that we know how to bring you the best that front-wheel drive has to offer.

It is 7" longer than the Pinto. So besides more leg room, it has almost as much trunk as Pinto and Vega combined, 12.8 cubic feet. If you need even more trunk, the Renault 12 station wagon has up to 58 cubic feet.

Its engine is essentially the same superb power plant that swept MonteCarlo. As is the ultra-precise rack-and-pinion steering.

With this car, we think we have a solid gold winner. And we know America likes a winner.
It is something we learned in 1909.



RENAULT

**world's largest producer of front-wheel drive cars.**

*Suggested retail price P.O.E. for the Renault 12 sedan, taxes, freight, options (as illustrated – custom wheels, front bumper overrider bar, etc.) and dealer delivery charges additional. For overseas delivery information see your nearest dealer or write Renault, Inc., 100 Sylvan Avenue, Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey 07632.

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# Top of My Head

*Goodman Ace*

## The Business Man

MY NAME is Samuel Lockheed. I own and operate a candy store near the beach at Coney Island. Since opening the store thirty-eight years ago, I have gradually diversified by adding other consumer goods, such as ice cream cones, balloons, beach hats, sneakers, sunglasses, suntan oil, and Noxzema. A yacht I'll never have, but I was content.

As I diversified through the years, business increased. So I added several employees. My beloved wife is cashier at the register. Our beautiful twelve-year-old granddaughter is in charge of the notions department, the ice cream cones, the balloons, suntan oil, and etc. Our handsome little ten-year-old grandson, who says when he grows up he wants to be a dentist, he's in charge of the candy. And I also employ a seventy-four-year-old man, a neighbor, who sweeps out the store and raises and lowers the awning. As for myself, I supervise employees and handle all purchasing of consumer goods.

God has been good, and business was fine, knock wood. That is, until this past summer, when we were plagued by a couple of plagues beyond our control. First, there was an oil slick on the ocean and this kept bathers away from the beach. Second, the lifeguards went on strike for eight weeks. By now, business has dropped off, I would say, 62 per cent.

Since the Lockheed store operates on the profit incentive system, the more I make, the more my employees also make—a dollar or two more bonus. Lately I noticed that their incentive dropped off in the same percentage that the profit dropped off. One day our twelve-year-old granddaughter didn't show up at all. And the ten-year-old grandson—he's in charge of the candy—not only does he come in two, three hours late, but he's also eating 62 per cent more candy.

*"Making split-second decisions, never admitting a mistake, being vilified by the public—maybe we ought to work for the government."*

Well, that's labor and management for you. The old man who raises and lowers the awning, he didn't bother to raise it when the sun went down. Him I can understand. But my own grandchildren?

In two weeks the store was in the red. So one evening I invited my employees to the Lockheed home for a meeting. I tried to explain to them why I was two weeks behind in their basic pay, plus minus a bonus. I explained that my gross national product wasn't moving and my economy was sluggish.

They would have understood except also at the meeting, but uninvited, was our fifteen-year-old grandson Marvin, who does God knows what. He's in the Thing business. I ask what he does; he says, I'm doing my thing. He has to speak up.

"Hey, man," he says. (That's a way you talk to a grandfather?) "Hey, man," he says, "I'll tell you why you're so uptight. You're not with it. Take all those balloons—balloons went out with Rodgers and Hammerstein and haircuts. Airplanes are go. Stock up with airplanes and you'll make the scene. Put me in charge. I know those kids. Just watch my smoke."

What can I tell you? Rather than make a scene with this boy, I was talked into purchasing toy airplanes. A gross, yet. Cash on the barrelhead. Planes with gasoline motors and fuel kits. And do you know what airplanes cost these days? Don't ask.

Well, at first I thought I got to hand it to that boy—a genius. For two or three days the airplane sales zoomed. Then all of a sudden—complaints. The people on the beach started hollering—air pollution, the noise of planes revving to take off, and planes landing on beach umbrellas. They sent the Assemblyman to see me. "This is Coney Island," he said, "not Kennedy Airport."

So with all the planes grounded and no capital to dip into, the Lockheed candy store has gone to rack and is on the way to ruin. I've had to lay off four employees—three grandchildren and a seventy-four-year-old man. An 80 per cent unemployment.

My beloved wife, she has stood by me, a beautiful, solid specimen of womanhood. Just like in the early days, before grandchildren, when a salesman talked me into stocking up with strawberry licorice whips. Between us we weathered that storm.

But now, with 113 unsalable airplanes on my hands, and unemployment still up, and the awning still down, I decided to write to Washington to "bail me out," as the saying goes. I have not received one word. So I ask you, is there one law for one Lockheed and a different law for all the other Lockheeds? Is that it, Your Excellency, Mr. President?



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ANNOUNCING THE

# *Saturday Review*

## NINETEENTH ANNUAL

# *World Travel Photo Contest*

## Two Grand Prizes

***Color winner:***

## Round-Trip to New Delhi

***Black-and-white winner:***

## Round-Trip to Dublin

### PLUS 18 ADDITIONAL CASH PRIZES

Award-winning photographs will again be featured in Saturday Review's annual World Travel Calendar issue. This issue, appearing January 1, 1972, will report forthcoming events of major importance to tourists during the coming year in fifty countries.

The winning pictures will be chosen by the following panel of judges.

**Marie Cosindas**—Well-known color photographer and lecturer.

**Norman Cousins**—Editor, *Saturday Review.*

**Ken Heyman**—Distinguished photographer, author and world traveler.

**Yousuf Karsh**—Internationally renowned photographer, author, educator, lecturer.

**Inge Morath**—Noted Magnum photographer, author.

**Margaret R. Weiss**—Photography Editor, *Saturday Review.*

The important thing is to read the complete rules and start sending in your entries now.

Deadline for entries is September 15, 1971.

***Contest Rules***

1. The contest is strictly for amateur photographers. Anyone is eligible except employees of Saturday Review and The McCall Publishing Co., members of their families, and individuals who personally, or any members of whose families, are engaged in the manufacture, sale, commercial finishing, or professional use of photographic goods.

2. Pictures must have been taken after May 30, 1970, in a locale visited on a vacation or business trip away from home.

3. Black-and-white photographs
   a. Prints must be submitted in glossy prints 8x10 unmounted.
   b. On the back of the photograph must appear: name and address of photographer; make of camera and film used in taking the picture; date and place it was shot.
   c. Developing and printing may be done by a photofinisher or the entrant. No composite pictures such as multiple printing or montages are eligible. No art-work or retouching on prints or negatives from which they are made is permitted.
   d. No negatives should be submitted.
   e. No black-and-white prints will be returned.

4. Color photographs
   a. Color pictures may be submitted as either transparency OR print. Do not submit a transparency and print of the same picture.
   b. Transparencies must be originals and must be mounted in cardboard only.
   c. Color prints must be no larger than 8x10 and unmounted.
   d. Stereos are eligible. Only one transparency need be sent.
   e. The same data must be given as specified above for black-and-white prints and must be written on the mount of each transparency or on the back of each print.
   f. Transparencies and color prints will be returned only **if accompanied by return postage:** a minimum of 16 cents, in stamps or coin. **Do not send self-addressed envelopes.**

5. Saturday Review assumes no responsibility for negatives, prints or transparencies, but reserves the right to publish within its own pages as part of the Awards competition any pictures submitted, whether winners or not.

6. To enter the contest, mail no more than one black-and-white **or** one color picture to this magazine's World Travel Photo Contest. All entries must be postmarked no later than September 15, 1971, to be eligible for judging. **IMPORTANT: No more than one picture may be submitted by any one entrant.**

7. Pictures will be judged on photographic quality and originality in choice and treatment of subject. The decision of the judges will be final.

8. Before receiving a final prize, the entrant must sign a statement that his picture, or any closely similar picture of the same subject or situation, has not been and will not be entered by him in any photographic contest other than the one conducted by this magazine without permission of Saturday Review, and has not been and will not be offered for publication in any manner prior to January 1, 1972. Saturday Review retains first publication rights on winning pictures and the right to use them for promotional purposes.

**DEADLINE SEPTEMBER 15, 1971** *Saturday Review* **380 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017**

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# Trade Winds

*Cleveland Amory*

**There'll-Always-Be-a-Cleveland-Dept.** — as found by Liz Jacobson of Cleveland Heights in the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*:

> Part of the prosperity of the 22nd century will come from the pollution that made living in the city difficult in the 20th century. Huge factories will mine the wastes of the lake, sorting chemicals and other deposits from the water, which will be a treasure trove of minerals and ores.
>
> "Cleveland might become a very major city in the future," predicted geneticist Dr. J. S. Gravenstein. "Because of intercontinental travel, people will be looking for a large landing area and Lake Erie is the logical choice."

But the question is, will they be people with the same *standards* and *values*? Meanwhile, Mrs. Carlton Hyman of San Anselmo, California, hit the jackpot—with two items from the same edition of the *San Francisco Chronicle*. Her first:

> Swedish director Ingmar Bergman, acknowledged for the past two decades as one of the medium's masters, is thinking of retiring:
>
> "I plan to go on, if God is willing and my pants hold."

If they don't, Ingmar, put them on suspension. Mrs. Hyman's second:

> The children were found when juvenile officers went to the commune to take into custody a 64-year-old runaway girl and return her to her parents.

Who, these days, were probably out gallivanting too.

**Our Want Ads of the Week** ran to type. Witness this one from Mrs. Monica Pugh of Fort Wayne, who found it in the Fort Wayne *Journal-Gazette*:

> **DENTAL ASSISTANT**—Receptionist, experience preferred, but will drain.

It happens in the best of offices. Finally, there was our favorite, as found by Harry Rubin of Jersey City in the Rome *Daily American*:

> **ENGLISH** girl, 21, seeks serious work. Preferably Naples, Florence or traveling. Good knowledge of Italian and education. Can type with one finger.

But what about her shorthand? Our guess is it's probably micro-mini.

**Hearing that an author** during the month was going to have twelve books published in one day—all new, original books (an all-time record)—and hearing that said author was also a poet, we decided at least to investigate such a sad situation. Obviously the poet was desperate and/or the publisher off his rocker.

Then when we met the author and discovered he was a her and a very pretty her at that—Lois Wyse by name—we immediately and very objectively, of course, decided definitely to help her. Don't worry, we consoled, with mention in TRADE WINDS, you're bound to sell a few copies at any rate. Cheer up.

Miss Wyse smiled. "My first printing," she said quietly, "is 600,000."

Obviously the girl was delirious. We decided to go along with her. Sure it is, we said, sure it is.

"The first printing was to be only 420,000," she said. "But the book started to go so well they decided to up it to 600,000."

It was our turn to be speechless. Miss Wyse, it turns out, is published by American Greetings, one of the largest greeting card companies. And as if that weren't enough, her books are also distributed in the book stores by World. Each volume is hardbound, each poem being illustrated by a photograph and bearing titles varying from "One and One Make Love" to "More Love Poems for the Very Married." Since there are twelve poems in each book, many running only two lines, and since each book sells for $3, we told her sternly that we were from Boston and we figured the reader was paying something around 10 cents a line.

Miss Wyse smiled once more. "I'm not from Boston," she said, "you are."

It was true. Miss Wyse is the wife of a Cleveland advertising man and also works for her husband's agency. She has been writing professionally since she was seventeen. Not the least amazing thing about her is that she has never had an agent. Her first book, entitled *The I Don't Want to Go to Bed Book for Boys*, started out as a gift for her son.

Some *present*, we said quietly. Miss Wyse ignored us. "My husband," she continued, "said he would publish it. But I said that would make me feel like a chorus girl whose sugar daddy bought the theater. So he said, 'Well, you go to New York all the time; you get it published.'

"I used to watch *What's My Line?* quite a lot, and I thought Bennett Cerf was a nice man. I also liked the appearance of Random House in those days. It was the kind of building that gives you a reason to go in. It was so literary-looking. I decided to go to a salesman. I felt he would understand me better than some juvenile editor. Random House's sales manager then was Bob Bernstein, and I got as far as his assistant, Anne Johnson. I literally stood there while she read my poems. I remember I told her, 'That's the good thing about my books. You don't have to buy them, you can just stand there and read them.'

"Miss Johnson said to call in a week. When I did, she said Random House couldn't publish me because I was too close to something they were doing by someone else. But she told me that a man named Gerald Gross, who was leaving Random House to become an editor at Macmillan, wanted me as his first author.

"So," she concluded, "I walked into Random House and walked out a Macmillan author."

How, we asked her, did she work? "I write a lot in museums," she said. "Museums move me. I work in different ways. Sometimes a poem can be in my head for as long as two years. Other times I have it right away. I have what someone once called 'the divine gift of the first line.'"

In some cases, we said, thinking of her two-liners, that was obviously half the battle. Once more Miss Wyse ignored us. "I also," she said, "have what I call a poem box in my desk. They either set in there, or rise. It's a little like dough. I've got two hundred fifty in that box right now."

Did she, we asked, consider her work serious poetry? "I don't know," she said, "what I consider it. I feel what I write and I feel it very seriously. You tell me. Does that make me a serious poet?"

Sure it does, we said, sure it does.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1949)

MAURICE SAGOFF:
*SHRINKLITS*

Phileas Fogg
A wager lays
To round the earth
In eighty days!
With Passepartout
Through storm and heat
This cool cat comes
On little Fogg feet;
He wins his bet
And weds the beaut
He saved from a
Suttee *en route*.
Thrills, chills and spills
At every turn!
Like something out of,
Say, Jules Verne.



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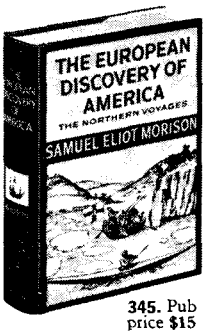
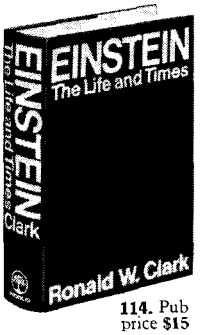
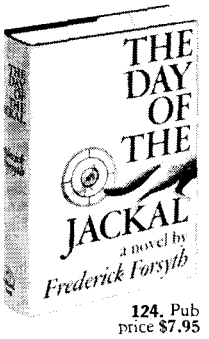


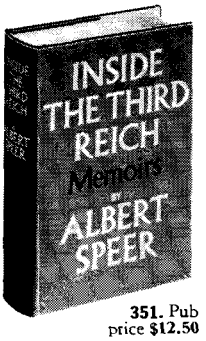

345. Pub price $15




114. Pub price $15




124. Pub price $7.95

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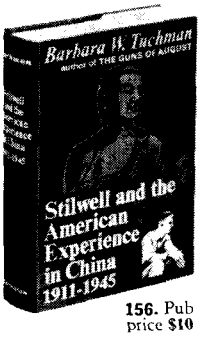
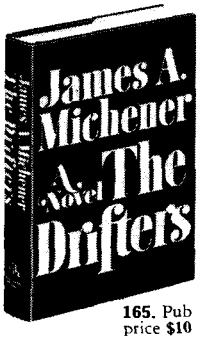



156. Pub price $10




165. Pub price $10

# CATCH UP ON THE BOOKS *you have promised yourself to read...*

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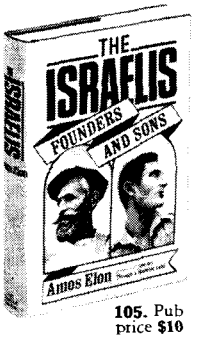


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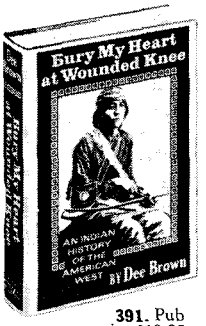


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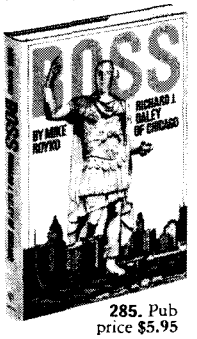


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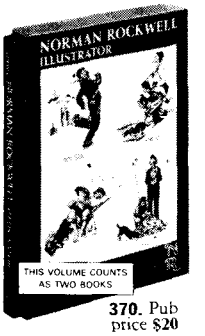


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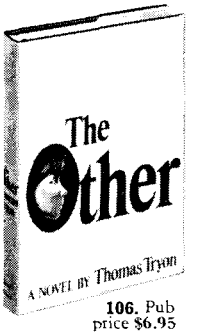


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*Saturday Review*
August 21, 1971

# The Sense in Humor

"Psychologists and psychiatrists have begun to encourage their patients' sense of the ridiculous as an antidote to emotional distress."

by HARVEY MINDESS

Our sense of humor, everyone agrees, is one of our most valuable faculties. Thinkers simple and profound declare that the ability to see the funny side of things and to laugh at ourselves and our troubles is an asset of the greatest magnitude. It can help us contend with adversity, derive greater joy out of living, and maintain our sanity. Yet, no one seems to know how to cultivate it. Beyond exhorting each other to "look on the light side" or "laugh it off," we have little of substance to suggest.

A few psychologists and psychiatrists, however, have begun to explore the possibilities of using humor therapeutically. They are attempting to encourage their patients' sense of the ridiculous as an antidote to emotional distress. Since we are all, in the broadest sense, each other's potential therapists and, in the most crucial sense, our own as well, perhaps we can learn something useful from their efforts.

The kind of humor that deserves to be called therapeutic is not the kind of humor we imbibe from our television sets. It is not a matter of enjoying jokes and comic routines, for, delightful as they may be, they are contrived and superficial, bearing about the same relation to therapeutic humor as pretty pictures do to art. Nor is it a matter of delivering original witticisms, though an ability to do so comes closer to what we are after.

HARVEY MINDESS is a practicing psychologist and a professor at UCLA. This article is adapted from his book *Laughter and Liberation*, recently published by Nash.

The extent to which our sense of humor can help us to maintain our sanity is the extent to which it moves beyond jokes, beyond wit, beyond laughter itself. It must constitute a frame of mind, a point of view, a deep-going, far-reaching attitude to life.

A cluster of qualities characterizes this peculiar frame of mind: *flexibility*, in this case an individual's willingness to examine every side of every issue and every side of every side; *spontaneity*, his ability to leap from one mood or mode of thought to another; *unconventionality*, his freedom from the values of his time, his place, and his profession; *shrewdness*, his refusal to believe that anyone—least of all himself—is what he seems to be; *playfulness*, his grasp of life as a game, a tragicomic game that nobody wins but that does not have to be won to be enjoyed; and *humility*, that elusive quality exemplified by the rabbi (would he were a psychotherapist) in this traditional story:

> A wise old rabbi lay dying, so his disciples lined up next to his deathbed to catch his final words. They arranged themselves in order, from the most brilliant pupil to the most obtuse. The brilliant one bent over the prostrate form and whispered, "Rabbi, rabbi. What are your final words?"
>
> "My final words," murmured the ancient, "are . . . life is a river."
>
> The disciple passed it on to the fellow next to him, and the phrase traveled like wildfire down the line. "The rabbi says life is a river." "The rabbi says life is a river." "The rabbi says life is a river."
>
> When it reached the oaf at the end, however, he scratched his head in perplexity. "What does the rabbi mean, life is a river?" he asked.
>
> That question, of course, traveled back up the line. "What does the rabbi mean, life is a river?"
>
> When the star pupil heard it, he leaned over again. "Rabbi," he implored, for the old man was breathing his last, "what do you mean, life is a river?"
>
> And the rabbi, shrugging, croaked, "So it's not a river!"

A man who can shrug off the insufficiency of his ultimate wisdom, the meaninglessness of his profoundest thoughts, is a man in touch with the very soul of humor.

Each of these six qualities plays its part in the drama of the humorous outlook. The starring role, however, is reserved for another characteristic. We may call it the *enjoyment of the ironies that permeate our lives.* In order to command a therapeutic sense of humor, we must become acutely aware of the anomalies that run through all human affairs. We must come to know, not theoretically but practically, that the happiest relationships are larded with suffering, that the greatest accomplishments are anticlimactic, that rational acts are motivated by irrational drives, that psychotic thinking makes excellent sense. We must know that assertiveness is the mask of fearfulness, that humility is a kind of pride, that love is a euphemism for lust, that truth is the pawn of fashion, that we cherish our misery, and that we all are more irrational than we acknowledge.

We must know these things not as abstract principles but as practical


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rules of thumb. While our reason and idealism may be shocked at what goes on in the world, our deeper comprehension must expect it. If we are loyal, devoted spouses, we must understand that we naturally crave promiscuous liaisons. If we take a mistress or a lover to make up for what our marriage lacks, we must not be surprised to find that, instead of one problem, we now have two. If we are dreamers who laud the self-indulgent life, we must suspect that we really wish we could buckle down to work. Should we begin to work, however, we must anticipate that we will soon bemoan the lazy life we left behind.

A cartoon strip by Jules Feiffer expresses this outlook succinctly. It shows a housewife musing:

> By the time George told me he was leaving on a business trip for a month I had lost all feeling for him. . . . Each dinner when he'd come home I'd try to rekindle the flame, but all I could think of as he gobbled up my chicken was: "All I am is a servant to you, George." . . . So when he announced he had to go away I was delighted. While George was away I could find myself again! I could make plans! . . . The first week George was away I went out seven times. The telephone never stopped ringing. I had a marvelous time! . . . The second week George was away I got tired of the same old faces, same old lines. I remembered what drove me to marry George in the first place. . . . The third week George was away I felt closer to him than I had in years. I stayed home, read Jane Austen, and slept on George's side of the bed. . . . The fourth week George was away I fell madly in love with him. I hated myself for my withdrawal, for my failure of him. . . . The fifth week George came home. The minute he walked in and said, "I'm back, darling!" I withdrew. . . . I can hardly wait for his next business trip so I can love George again.

We are all more impossible than we admit. This insight is the vein of truth that therapeutic humor mines. What makes it a liberating rather than a devastating insight, however, is the particular mood in which it is unearthed. Even the brutal truth can become a source of amusement when we are not completely enveloped by it. When we experience our stupidity, our irrationality, our immorality as facts, but not the only facts, of life, we are not demolished because we know that, infuriating as we may be, we are also likable, and, ridiculously as we may behave, we are also sensible.

When we operate out of our sense of humor, we look at ourselves with a wider perspective. We adopt what one philosopher has called "the god's-eye view" of life. Several years ago, I had a dream that opened my eyes to this perspective. It came at a time when I was feeling defeated; whatever was most important to me was going wrong, and I could visualize no way to remedy my situation. In the dream, I heard a cool, impersonal voice speak to me. All it said was, "One day you were born; one day you will die." Now that may not seem like a very humorous observation, but, by articulating a view from which my troubles looked much less calamitous, it lightened my spirits considerably. And it is precisely that kind of view that a deep sense of humor promotes.

If we accept the contention that therapeutic humor involves both a widened perspective of ourselves and an appreciation of the ironies on which our lives are built, the question that faces us as psychotherapists—professional or amateur—is: How can we encourage this outlook in those who turn to us for help? My dream may have evoked it for a time in me, but how can I evoke it in that troubled person pouring out his heart to me?

Directly? No. I am convinced of that because, whenever I am feeling troubled, my friends are apt to say, "Well, you're the big humor expert. Why don't you laugh it off?"—a suggestion guaranteed not to paste a smile on my dour countenance. No. As with the instilling of love or faith or courage, it avails us little to *advise* each other, or ourselves for that matter, to exercise our sense of humor.

Can we try, then, to make our supplicants laugh? Can we attempt to amuse the sufferer, or even dare to make fun of his agitation? It seems, on the face of it, a risky game, more than likely to earn us a wallop for our trouble. Yet the gambit is not inconceivable and has, in fact, been essayed now and then by psychotherapists.

One time, for example, a woman I had been seeing for several months threatened to commit suicide. She had made some messy suicidal gestures in the past, so now, when she wailed that her life was so miserable that she was going to kill herself, I said, "Oh, yes. That's the great solution you came up with before." Instead of telling me to go to hell, she recognized her foolishness and relinquished that particular maneuver.

A psychiatrist of my acquaintance, more imaginative in his wit, once responded to a patient's proclamation that he intended to jump off the roof of the hospital with, "Oh, that's exciting. How do you plan to do it? A swan dive? A double flip? In your pajamas or in the raw? After all, it's a once-in-a-lifetime experience, so you'll want to

*"The way this works is that you say the first thing that comes to your mind. . . ."*



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make the most of it." His remarks hit home. The patient saw, in this verbal caricature, the histrionic, attention-getting aspect of his behavior and was then able to laugh at himself. But making light of someone else's anguish, even with the best of intentions, is a very delicate operation. You can never be sure your humor won't be interpreted as derision, or callous indifference, if not as calculated cruelty. In fact, you can be sure it will—unless, and this is the crux of the matter, the person you are trying to help unequivocally perceives you as his true ally. If he knows that basically you respect him and wish him well, he may get the point that what you are trying to do is encourage him to train his own sense of humor on himself.

The safest course, I think, is to watch for any sign that the sufferer himself has an inkling of the ridiculousness of his behavior or the irony of his predicament and then jump in and reinforce it. I recall with particular pleasure an interview I had some years ago with a very harassed young woman. After sobbing out the details of the difficulties she was experiencing in her marriage, in her efforts to raise her children, and in her fitful attempts to continue her education, she fell silent for a moment. Then, with a radiant smile breaking through the tears, she said in a tiny voice, "You know, my problem's simple. I'm a total mess." The laughter we shared was wholehearted, especially because it was evoked by the patient herself.

This being so, however, the problem the potential therapist is faced with is, to say the least, perplexing. How to evoke an outlook that, to be genuine, should be self-engendered? It seems like a contradiction in terms, and yet it is on precisely such contradictions that humor thrives. The procedure, I would say, is analogous to the growing of plants or flowers; we can provide the conditions conducive to their growth, but it would be folly to grab them by their stems and try to yank them up.

In order to encourage a humorous outlook in each other, we need most of all to keep such an outlook alive within ourselves. As love begets love and hate begets hate, the most powerful stimulus toward a self-engendered sense of humor in one person is such a sense of humor in his neighbor. So if we can perceive and accept the irony and ridiculousness of our own positions, whatever they may be, our perceptions will permeate our behavior and help to expand the self-comprehension and self-acceptance of our relatives, friends, or patients.

But there, at least in the case of the licensed practitioner, is the rub. A glance at any professional journal, a visit to any professional meeting, must convince us that we take ourselves too seriously. We really believe, and the more renowned amongst us believe it the more, that the theories we propound and the techniques we apply are cogent, valid, and beneficial. We *must* believe it to be effective. And yet, as long as we maintain this belief, we cannot achieve, and therefore cannot encourage, a therapeutic sense of humor. As long as we fail to contemplate the likelihood that all our professional activities are useless, and that psychotherapy of any sort is absurd in the larger scale of events, we remain bound to the very outlook from which we need to free our patients.

We could all do worse than to take a cue from a former patient of mine, an attractive, intelligent woman. Her problem was obesity. She had tried every method to reduce but had had no success. One day, however, she composed the following paragraphs. Although they did not immediately help her lose weight, they opened a new perspective on her plight.

> I just got the most beautiful insight about how to solve a vexing social problem in what I might modestly term a completely original way. It is simply to make being obese against the law. My thinking on it is this. Many things in this world are tempting, but society has coped by making them illegal. Other people's wives, property, possessions, little goodies like these have tempted malefactors through the ages. How to discourage them? Everything from social ostracism to capital punishment has been tried. In this light, it is clear to me and to others of my ilk, or should I say bulk, that some motivation beyond self-disgust must become operational. You take your average chubby housewife who has caught a nice husband and is raising a family and coping with Life. She often eats as an outlet less dangerous than flirting with the Helm's man or sniffing glue with the high-school dropout across the street. But now this can change. If you confront her with the prospect of being hauled into court on an obesity charge, sentenced by a judge and fined or imprisoned, I think you would be well on your way to a permanent solution of this problem.
>
> In case you're wondering, yes, this is a personal problem. I admit I'm desperate. I've tried everything, now I'm yelling for help. The government has stepped in everywhere else, so why not here? Please. Somebody! Stop me before I eat again. Where is the relentless arm of the law? Where are the measures for girth control? All interested senators and congressmen please contact me. I can usually be found in the back booth of Canter's Delicatessen. Just look for a large, guilty-looking woman eating an Eddie Cantor Special (turkey, ham, roast beef, and chopped liver on rye).

When a person begins to see her own predicament in a humorous light, she is on her way not necessarily to eliminating the problem—our central dilemmas, we must know by now, can never be eliminated anyway—but to overcoming its debilitating effect on her well-being. Because it raises us above our usual level of comprehension and allows us to accept what would ordinarily be unacceptable, our sense of humor is a coping mechanism of the very highest caliber. Therefore, one of the psychotherapist's goals should be to further its development. He is, in fact, in an excellent position to do so, since his own calling is nothing if not ridiculous. Every day of his life people come to him expecting to receive something he cannot give but that he must give in order that, in the process, these people can discover within themselves what they had mistakenly hoped he possessed.

Within the framework of such an admittedly ironic outlook, I have tried to describe how humor can be cultivated in psychotherapy, or, indeed, in any human interaction. You may have found my report itself a joke. Perhaps it is. But if so, in all seriousness, I don't think that would be so bad.

*"The employees are to be told I wish them well, their punctuality records notwithstanding."*



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# The Liberation of Gertrude Stein

**Though the Battle of France raged on, one could still find time to search out a celebrated American writer and expatriate.**

by FRANK GERVASI

Gertrude Stein craved recognition, but got mostly notoriety, throughout a literary life that spanned the Teens, Twenties, and Thirties, and ended with her death in the mid-Forties. She would have been immensely pleased, therefore, by the critical acclaim accorded publication last year by Liveright of *Gertrude Stein on Picasso* and by the interest the hip generation showed in the Stein collection of modern paintings and drawings exhibited simultaneously at the Museum of Modern Art. She would have liked best of all, perhaps, the rather flattering biographical documentary broadcast at about the same time by the National Educational Television network. While watching this documentary, entitled *When This You See, Remember Me,* I saw and remembered, more vividly than I had thought possible, the Gertrude Stein I met in her wartime hideaway in France late in the summer of 1944.

I owed the meeting to my friend Eric Sevareid, who organized the expedition that came to be known as "the liberation of Gertrude Stein." With about a hundred other correspondents, Eric and I had landed on the beaches between Toulon and Cannes with Gen. Alexander Patch's U.S. Seventh Army on August 15. After liberating Marseilles, our forces pursued the enemy up the valleys of the Rhone and the Isère to Grenoble. There the pursuit bogged down in the heavy rains and mud of an early mistral. Late August found the press corps bivouacked under canvas in the hills above the city, cursing the cold, the censors, and the unexpected vengefulness of the French. Frenchmen were killing Frenchmen everywhere in the liberated portions of their country, and we had had our fill of slaughter in Libya, Egypt, Sicily, Italy, and Greece. Tobruk, Cassino, Anzio, and Crete were still fresh in our minds.

In Grenoble, soon after we entered the town, I witnessed the execution of six young Frenchmen accused of having collaborated with the Nazis during the German occupation. Tried and found guilty of treason by a drumhead court-martial, the men were blindfolded, tied to steel uprights set in a row in the main square, and shot by an inept Maquis firing squad before a huge crowd of shouting, cheering citizens. Three of the six died well, meaning instantly, but three did not. To this day I see them sagging there on their stakes, twisting in agony. One even stood erect after the ragged volley, shaking his head in seeming incomprehension. Then, for each, there were the coup de grâce and shouts from the crowd of *"Vive la France!"*

The following morning, September 1, I was trying to convey to paper the horror of the scene in a dispatch for my magazine, *Collier's Weekly,* and was hoping that someone would interrupt the process when Eric stepped into my tent and invited me to join him and two other correspondents in a search for Gertrude Stein. I accepted with alacrity, for not only was Eric's invitation a welcome interruption of the tedious business of writing a piece but I had recently met Ernest Hemingway briefly in New York while I was on home leave before being assigned to the southern front in the Battle of France. I had formed an unfavorable opinion of him as a person—I thought he strove harder than necessary to assert his manliness—and looked forward to hearing what his onetime friend and mentor might have to say about him.

Gertrude Stein and Alice Toklas, Eric said, were known to be living incognito in the vicinity of Belley, well to the northeast of Grenoble, but no one knew exactly where. Eric had cabled his office in New York to ask Miss Stein's publishers, Random House, where she might be found, but in the cabled reply the town's name was hopelessly garbled. Nonetheless, Eric and I set out the next morning in a command car containing the driver, Sgt. William B. Druggan of Boston (who admitted he had never heard of "this Stein broad"), Price Day of the *Baltimore Sun,* and Newbold Noyes of the *Washington Star.* None of us could remember anything Stein had ever written except *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas,* and could quote only "A rose is a rose is a rose," and "Pigeons on the grass alas." The four of us were fully aware of the fact, however, that we were on our way to meet an authentic genius, the inventor of "Steinese," who had influenced several important writers of our time, among them Hemingway and Sherwood Anderson, and who was a close friend and early patron of yet another giant, Pablo Picasso.

Our route lay through some of France's most enchanting *paysage,* along swift, clear streams abounding with trout, and past sweet-smelling fields alive as a painter's palette with the colors of wildflowers. Tall cottonwoods and poplars lined the roads, and the air was heady with the fragrances of wet grass, damp earth, and the smoke of distant fires. The war suddenly became a faraway thing, especially when we entered the deep, green silence of the Vercors.

Soon after entering this heavily forested, sparsely populated heartland of the French Resistance (here Jean Bruller had founded the underground publishing firm of Les Editions de Minuit, for which he wrote, under the nom de plume Jean Vercors, *The Silence of the Sea* and other scathing denunciations of France's German tormentors and

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FRANK GERVASI is a veteran journalist and author. His latest book, *Has Jerusalem Fallen?,* is to be published by Hawthorn.



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their French collaborators), we encountered an American jeep going in the opposite direction. The vehicle drew up alongside, its occupants eying us suspiciously. They were Pvt. John Schmaltz, who was driving, and Lt. Col. William O. Perry, of the Forty-seventh Infantry, who wanted to know "where the hell" we thought we were going. He laughed heartily, and was snickeringly seconded by Schmaltz, when we told him we were on our way to Belley to try to "liberate" Gertrude Stein. One of our group said something about being en route to a "scoop."

"Forget it," the colonel roared. "Gertrude Stein's already been liberated—by goddamn near the whole United States Army. We spent the night at her home—in beds the Germans had slept in only a few nights ago."

Somewhat crestfallen, we listened as Colonel Perry related the details. Miss Stein, he said, lived in Culoz, a few miles from Belley. She and Alice and their dog, Basket II, had arrived in Belley in a taxi the day before, found the town full of Americans, and then had a grand reunion with them at the hotel where some of our officers were billeted. The colonel had driven Gertrude and Alice and the dog home in his jeep that evening. He and his driver had stayed for supper, talked until well past midnight—"She asked a million questions about America," the colonel said—and remained overnight.

The colonel traced the route to Culoz on our map and advised us to hurry. "If you do," he said, "you might make it in time for lunch, and those girls sure know how to cook. They set a swell table. By the way, do any of you know Hemingway, Van Vechten, or Sherwood Anderson? She kept asking about them, Miss Stein did."

This puzzled us. Anderson had died early in the war, in 1941. Was it possible that Gertrude Stein did not know of his death? Or had Colonel Perry confused Anderson with Bob Sherwood, who was very much alive and well at the time and active in propaganda work? We would soon know.

We found Culoz without difficulty, though we did have to detour around several bridges that had been blown up by the Maquis to delay the retreating Germans so that they might be trapped and slaughtered in the Vercors. At the foot of the main street of the tiny seventeenth-century hamlet, we met the Mayor, Justin Hey, thin, bright-eyed, with a grayish-white, tobacco-stained mustache. He wore a bowler hat and black bow tie, and carried a stout cane, and personally escorted us to the home of "Madam Stayn," the Château La Colombière, an old, two-story gray house with a graceful roof, set in a well-tonsured garden alongside a crystalline stream that ran volubly through Culoz and provided, I later learned, the townlet's drinking water as well as power for its flour mill.

We came upon Gertrude Stein and Alice Toklas as they were about to sit down to lunch with two friends, a husband and his wife, by the name of Schwab, he very professorial in a winged collar and she very schoolmistressy in a plain gray dress. Alice fluted out orders to an elderly servant, and soon lunch for four became lunch for eight, with Bill Druggan assigned to the kitchen of a nearby house where, it developed, he drank more *vin de la victoire* than was good for him.

Gertrude Stein was seventy when she waddled voluminously across the polished living room floor, spread her arms in a welcoming embrace, and clamped them about me, nearly crushing my ribs, saying over and over again, "You don't know how glad I am to see you." Never having met her before, I was a little taken aback, but managed to remark at the strength in her arms, which felt hard and well-muscled. She looked a strong, healthy peasant woman of no more than fifty.

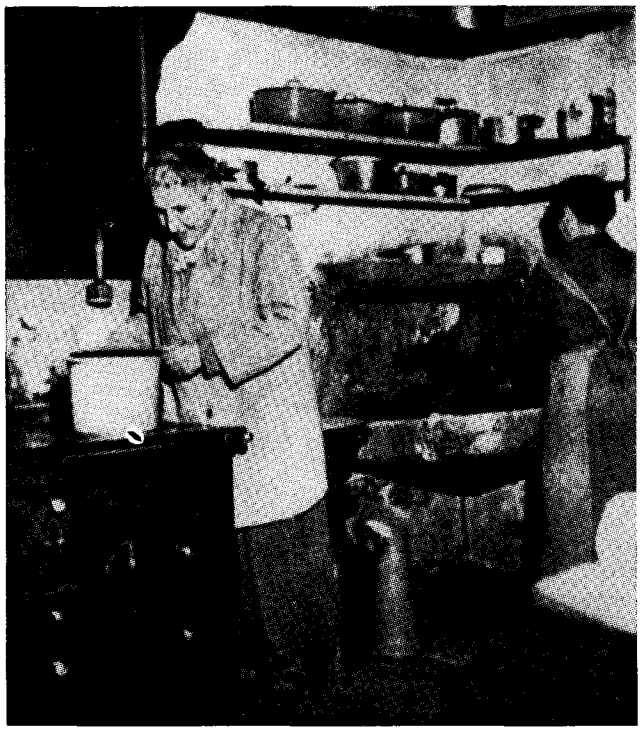
"I've been working hard," she explained. "Gardening, chopping wood, helping Alice with the chores, and walking. My, what a lot of walking I've done these years."

What about writing?

"Oh, yes, yes, yes. But later. We'll talk about that later. Now, let us have lunch."

Lunch was a delicious soup of vegetables, followed by omelets, a splendid lettuce salad, a chocolate soufflé, and strong black coffee served in tiny cups as fragile as Alice, who did little talking during the meal. She let Gertrude Stein carry the conversation, though her deep-set dark eyes followed every word, and looked penetratingly at each face, seeming to note every expression.

*(Continued on page 57)*



*—Photos by Thérèse Bonney*

**Gertrude Stein in wartime France—" 'I've been working hard,' she explained."**



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# SR Goes to the Movies

*Arthur Knight*

## Fact, Fiction, Fantasy

WHAT GOOD PURPOSE, one often wonders, is served by the movies' penchant for large-scale biographies? The question becomes particularly insistent after one sees a film like the current Italo-Soviet production of *The Red Tent*, which spares no expense whatsoever in re-creating General Umberto Nobile's ill-fated Arctic expedition of 1928, then plunges into an elaborate attempt to absolve Nobile of blame for the tragedy. Even though the Italian commission of inquiry that found him guilty may not have been without bias, Nobile's guilt or innocence is hardly of cosmic importance today—except, understandably, to General Nobile, who at eighty-five is still around, and who actually participated in the production of this film.

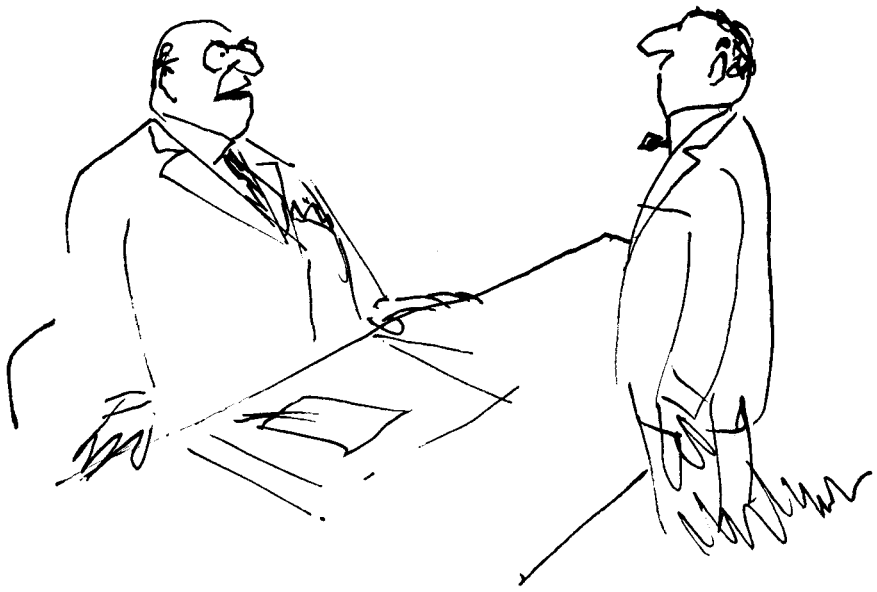
The point is that what makes a good movie and what makes good history are two different things. For example, Nobile's dirigible, the *Italia*, plunged into the ice on its third flight to the North Pole. For dramatic purposes, the scenarists, Ennio de Concini and Richard Adams, quite properly zoomed in on that disastrous operation; history, in seeking an honest reappraisal, would want to know more about the command decisions rendered in those two earlier flights. Again, for picture purposes it was perhaps justifiable to have gorgeous Claudia Cardinale enlist the aid of the noted explorer Roald Amundsen, on behalf of her fiancé lost out there on the floes. In actuality, ever since flying over the Pole with him in the *Norge* two years earlier, Amundsen had been in bitter dispute with Nobile for proper credit on that expedition; hence his decision to return once more to the Arctic (a decision that was to cost him his life) was probably based on something more substantial than the tears of a pretty woman.

The curious thing is that every time the story line surfaces, the sense of historicity disappears. Crucial to the film—and to Nobile—is the matter of Nobile's flying off the ice pack in a Swedish rescue plane, leaving behind six surviving crew members in the red tent of the title. As handled in the script, Nobile had no choice; the aviator (played by Hardy Kruger) would take him or no one. Whether or not this was true, drama demands explanations and motivations, and none are forthcoming—although, significantly, Nobile's own, later explanation for his ungallant action was that he could best conduct the rescue operations from Kingsbay.

All of this is framed in a kind of *Outward Bound* reunion of the principals in Nobile's Rome apartment today. Each speaks of his role in the expedition; each justifies his own point of view. The device is every bit as awkward and unconvincing as it sounds and further undercuts the credibility of the tale—which is sad because producer Franco Cristaldi left nothing undone that would contribute to the physical authenticity of his film, including the construction, under the personal supervision of Nobile himself, of a full-scale, practical replica of the *Italia*. Peter Finch is suitably sympathetic as Nobile, and Sean Connery properly heroic as Amundsen. But if any controversy still flares about Nobile's culpability in that fragment of ancient history, *The Red Tent* is hardly substantial enough to move the scales of justice one way or the other.

Jules Verne might well be pleading not only for justice but also for mercy after the aspersions cast on his storytelling prowess by *The Light at the Edge of the World*, produced by and starring Kirk Douglas. Entire armies could march through the holes in Tom Rowe's screenplay; and whenever the action gets a bit murky, director Kevin Billington overcompensates with gruesome shots of torture and mutilations. The doughty Douglas is all that is left of a trio of lighthouse keepers after pirate chief Yul Brynner and his merry men (they laugh like hyenas throughout the picture) decide to make the island their stronghold. They wreck ships (or at least models of ships) by showing false lights, then slaughter the passengers for booty. Douglas objects to such goings-on and, with small help from a survivor (Renato Salvatori), sets out on a campaign of attrition. Brynner, even though he believes that Douglas is dead, uses a fair captive (Samantha Eggar) to entrap him, then turns her over to his crew for a gang-rape when she fails. Apart from the rape, several severed hands, two impalings, and one flaying alive, it's great for the kiddies.

After such lurid entertainment, *Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory*, based on Roald Dahl's charming fantasy *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory*, must seem very tame indeed—which is perhaps why we are a bit late in getting around to it. Fantasy does not seem to be director Mel Stuart's strongest suit, and the Leslie Bricusse-Anthony Newley score will never make the "top 40," but there is something terribly refreshing today about a picture that can reward virtue without being the least bit treacly or apologetic about it. And even more bracing are the performances of Gene Wilder as the zany Willy and Jack Albertson as Charlie's foxy Grandpa. At a time when there is such a lamentable dearth of suitable films for children, it would be a shame to pass this one by.



*"I must consider that if I discharge you, Hawkins, there exists the possibility the firemen, the sanitation men, the policemen, the Teamsters, and the American Federation of State, County, and Municipal Employees may, in sympathy, walk out and bring this great, teeming metropolis to a complete, utter standstill. OK, you're fired."*



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# Have-nots and the Export Dilemma

Basic to the economy of every developed or developing country in the world is the proposition that each nation must export goods to pay for the imports its people cannot produce for themselves but desperately need for economic and political survival. The chief problem in the developing communities is and has always been that they have so little to export to a highly industrialized world society. If oil is excluded, exports from the developing nations are still predominantly agricultural. Indeed, food and other agricultural products account for 60 per cent of everything the struggling have-not countries sell to outside markets.

The latest issue of *Ceres*, the Food and Agriculture Organization's bimonthly review at the U.N., says that, according to a recent survey, only one-fifth of total exports from developing areas consisted of industrial products. And most of these industrial products came from only three nations—India, Taiwan, and South Korea—with Hong Kong another active source. For the immediate future, says the FAO, developing nations generally have no real alternative to primary products from mining and agriculture as sources of export earnings. Without export earnings, there is little or nothing a have-not community can do to pull itself up by its own bootstraps to some sort of parity in standard of living and political stability with the already developed economies.

From the eighteenth century through World War II, the economies of the developing and developed areas of the earth were essentially complementary. One furnished raw materials, the other finished products. But times have changed, and so have economic and population patterns. Rising affluence has reached a saturation level for many basic products once in great demand in the developed nations. The FAO adds: "The heavily protected agriculture of the industrialized countries has attained unprecedented levels of productivity, and their advance of science and technology has produced a flood of competitors and substitutes for natural products." The result has been one whole generation of almost steady decline in the U.N. index of world agricultural and mining export prices, a disastrous fact in the export-import equation of any economy based on the sale of raw products.

Another fact of overriding import is contained in the FAO's annual report on the state of food and agriculture. In calendar year 1970, for the first time in twelve years, there was no increase in the combined production of the world's farms, fisheries, and forests. This lack of increase was due chiefly to diminished output in the developed countries, where surpluses rather than shortages were the problem. Artificial substitutes for natural fibers, for example, continued to make inroads in the wool and cotton markets. On the other hand, combined production in the developing countries increased by 3 per cent and their food production by 2 per cent, although the rise in population probably kept pace with or even outstripped the increase in basic food available.

One happy note among these rather grim statistics was that conditions were best in the Far East, which reported the third successive large increase in food production since the disastrous harvests of 1965 and 1966. Food production rose 4 per cent in the Far East's most recent growing season compared with 6 per cent and 4 per cent in the previous two years. World production of wheat was 6 per cent lower in both developing and developed areas despite record harvests in Argentina, India, and Pakistan. But rice set a new record of 200 million tons, with the United States, of all places, becoming the world's biggest rice exporter, and with traditional rice exporters such as Thailand, Burma, and Cambodia facing contracting commercial markets.

What happens now? Well, the have-not countries are trying desperately to build an industrial economy of sorts in whatever markets seem best suited to their indigenous talents. Leo Goodstadt, writing in the *Far Eastern Economic Review*, says it well:

> The easiest road to industrial prosperity for a backward, peasant community is through small, unsophisticated factories turning out simple goods such as textiles, shoes, and toys. The skills demanded of management and workers in factories just one stage removed from the cottage industries are minimal. Their products can find a ready market in the affluent societies, winning them a slice of the relatively enormous cake enjoyed by industrialized economies. Their cheap but essential consumer exports can help cure the financial hardening of the arteries—inflation—which threatens so many Western countries.

On the other hand, the affluent nations are showing considerable reluctance to help finance Asia's operation bootstrap, and when an economy cannot pay its way through its own selling efforts, and gifts and credits run out, drastic solutions become inevitable. He believes that if the breaking point comes, it will come over food, and here he is joined in agreement by each and every representative at the recent FAO congress. Hunger is, as we have said many times on this page, the basic problem and the ultimate enemy of a world more than half non-white and non-affluent. When the United Nations tells us in the West that three-quarters of the human beings alive today have never seen a doctor and probably never will, that half the world goes to bed hungry each night, and that the rich nations still do not seem to care overmuch, one wonders what has to happen before the naked truth comes home—to the West in particular.

—R.L.T.



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# Letters to the Editor

### Revelution

As I Read "Without Marx or Jesus" by Jean-François Revel [*SR*, July 24], I kept feeling that an ideological void was being presented. There was a sensation that Revel was taking a "dialectical leap" over a nonexistent gap.

While the article is an informative commentary on American life and society, the work suffers in its basic premise. It seeks to equate a *revolution*, which is described as a social phenomenon, with the ongoing and dynamic societal condition of *social change*, an entirely different social phenomenon. This is most evident in the qualifications given for a revolution—"old values are in the process of being rejected, and new values have been prepared to replace them."

M. Revel has fallen victim to the same delusion that befell Marx: America will be the next center of revolution. It is sad to see that the counter-culture is painted as the *new machine* for change, and that this is the *modus novus*. The author casually disregards the fact that the development of his pet counter-culture implies that the revolutionary movement is weakening and its ultimate defeat is at hand. Alas, this is the exact opposite of his thesis.

Marco Montoya,
Brookings, S.D.

It is about time somebody articulated what glares from any American newspaper's front page—though not from any single article on that page: that the various "revolutions" are related as anti-authoritarian expressions.

Rephah Berg,
Oakland, Calif.

I agree with Jean-François Revel's basic theme that the best hope of mankind for peaceful and meaningful change lies with the "new American revolution," but comparing his analyses to de Tocqueville's (as cited by John Ciardi in the same issue) is like comparing Nixon's inaugural speech to Lincoln's Gettysburg Address.

Particularly egregious were M. Revel's "Afterword" comments. For instance, he refers to the results of the CBS and Pentagon papers controversies as examples of "the victory of the principle of freedom of information and expression," when they were merely the opening shots of the resumption of a critical battle.

He also makes the incredible statement that war veterans and the general public reacted "quite intelligently" to the Calley sentence, when the reaction was actually one of hysteria and complete disregard for and deliberate evasion of the facts. Out here in the heartlands the "intelligent reaction" was one of absurd rationalizations —"He only did what he had to do"; "It happens in all wars"; etc.—and grisly tales of hand-grenade-toting Asian babies, plus a placing of the responsibility for the Mylai massacre on those who refused to maintain silence about it.

Joe Haynes,
Oklahoma City, Okla.

### Bugs in the Book Machine

It is gratifying to see somebody finally paying attention to Edward Stratemeyer. Arthur Prager's article "Edward Stratemeyer and His Book Machine" [*SR*, July 10] was well-written and almost as much fun to read as Stratemeyer's books themselves.

However, I could not consider myself a true fan of this incomparable variety of juvenile trash if I did not find a few errors. So here goes:

Mr. Prager states that the "Great Marvel Series" by "Roy Rockwood" was an imitation of Edgar Rice Burroughs's science fiction. This would be difficult, because the first "Great Marvel Series" book, *Through the Air to the North Pole*, was published in 1906, while E.R.B.'s *A Princess of Mars*—his first work of fiction, by the way—was written in 1911 and serialized under a different title in *All-Story* magazine in 1912.

In fact, Burroughs scholar Richard A. Lupoff, in his biography of E.R.B., lists the "Great Marvel Series," especially *Five Thousand Miles Underground*, as a "likely source of inspiration to Burroughs in the years before the First World War." Similarity is most obvious when you compare *Underground* with E.R.B.'s Pellucidar stories.

Mr. Prager also implies that "Rockwood's" series about Bomba the Jungle Boy was written near 1913, when "an upstart named Edgar Rice Burroughs had burst upon the scene with a hot property about a half-naked white savage who swung through the trees and fought barehanded with lions." In fact, the first Bomba book came out in 1926, when ten Tarzan books were out, and E.R.B., with twenty-three books under his belt, was hardly a young upstart anymore.

(Here's a question for other Stratemeyer freaks: Did "Roy Rockwood" continue the "Great Marvel Series" after *The City Beyond the Clouds*?)

And one final nit, which I will now proceed to pick: *Tarzan of the Apes* was not written in 1913. It appeared, complete, in the October 1912 issue of *All-Story*.

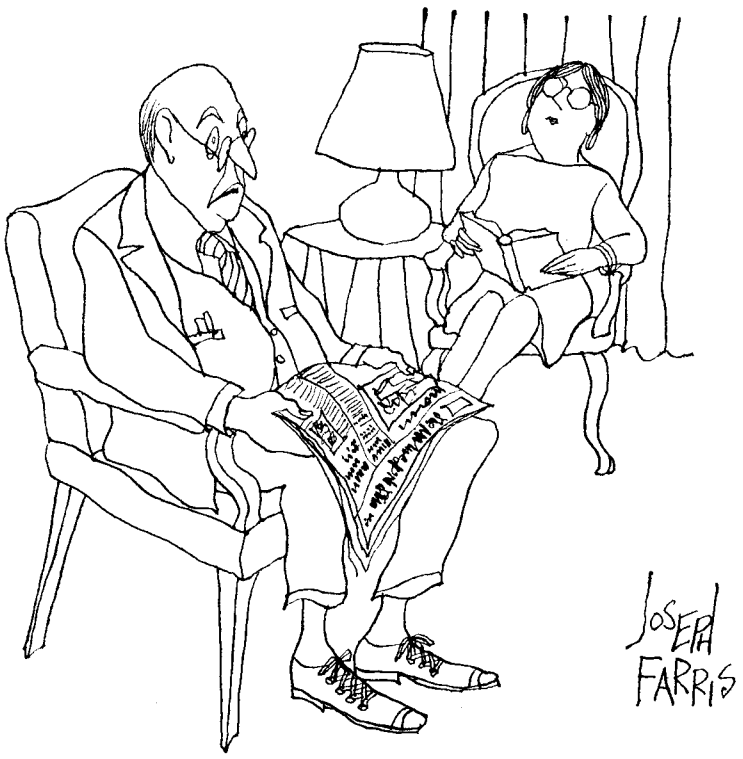
Lee Agnew,
Stillwater, Okla.

*Mr. Prager replies:*

Mr. Agnew is right on his first point. Burroughs's science fiction did come after the "Great Marvel Series," and, therefore, could not have inspired them as I implied in my article. I doubt whether *Five Thousand Miles Underground* inspired either the Pellucidar stories or *Tarzan at the Earth's Core*. Both were probably modeled on Jules Verne.

In noting that Bomba the Jungle Boy was Stratemeyer's answer to Tarzan, I did not mean they were written at the same time. Bomba did not appear until (as Mr. Agnew states) 1926, when Tarzan had become a multimillion-dollar property. Stratemeyer, naturally enough, attempted to siphon off some of the profits. Many of the Bomba situations parallel Tarzan's adventures. The novel *Tarzan of the Apes* was published by McClurg in 1913, after having appeared earlier as a magazine serial.

In reply to Mr. Agnew's question, "Roy Rockwood" wrote a final book for the "Great Marvel Series" after *The City Beyond the Clouds*. It was *By Air Express to Venus*.




*"I've just been reading about Nixon's plan to go to Communist China. Maybe we ought to accept the invitation to have dinner with the Gallaghers after all."*



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# The Theater

*Henry Hewes*

## Going Bumpety Bump on the Rocky Road to Love

WHEN JOHN GUARE was talking about his award-winning *The House of Blue Leaves* a couple of months ago, he casually mentioned that he was going to write the lyrics to a few Galt MacDermot songs that were being added to Shakespeare's *Two Gentlemen of Verona* in the Central Park production this summer. Well, it turned out to be the understatement of the year. What has happened, in fact, is that Guare and MacDermot have written thirty-one songs and that the playwright and director Mel Shapiro have so altered the stage action to accommodate them that the show ends up being the least Shakespearean evening in the long history of this festival.

What this production does is to take a modern look at the absurdity of the kind of "love" that Shakespeare was depicting in this silly but sometimes charming old comedy. By making Proteus and Julia Puerto Rican and Valentine and Silvia black, Messrs. Guare and Shapiro have made specific and modern relationships traditionally left vague and archaic.

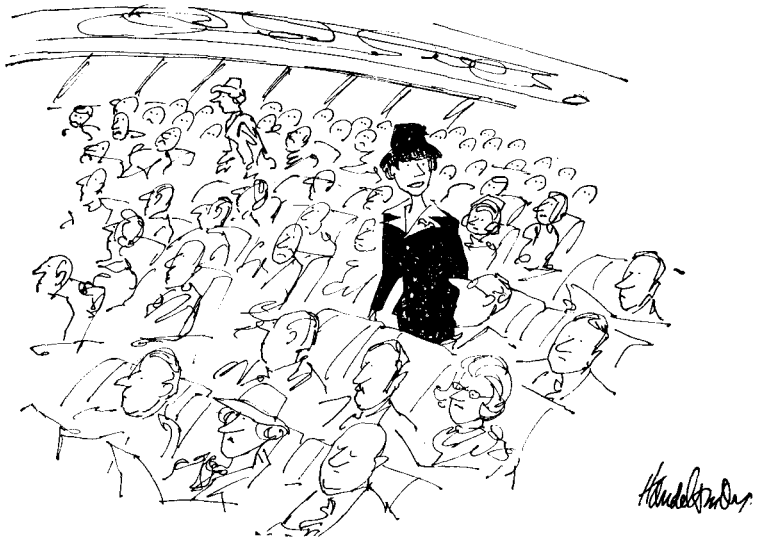
The play's romantic notions are all questioned and delightfully exploded. The show's theme song, "I Love My Father," states the case for free love, reminding us that "You can't love another without loving yourself" and that you must practice on the world to become a true lover.

We see Proteus practice on Julia rather more realistically than usual and then dash off to Milan to fall in love with Silvia, whom all the swains adore. When he must sabotage his best friend, Valentine, who is also in love with Silvia, he justifies his action by the simple principle that love comes ahead of friendship.

The play's romantic entanglements don't really matter too much. We know that they will come out all right in the end, and we are delighted that Guare is having such fun with the material. There is an amusing number about how a ridiculously long string of pearls keeps getting in the way of the kissing and other amorous mechanics. The Duke of Milan draws a big topical laugh when he chants, "If I'm re-elected I'll bring all the boys back home." Silvia's pompous fiancé, Thurio, does an uproarious samba in which he goes wild about his own physical assets. But the number that stops the show is "Night Letter." Here Silvia goes to Valentine's Western Union office to send a message to her lover. The song bursts with all the energy of repressed love as Silvia reminds herself, "Nothing better than a hot night letter."

The catchy number is given an all-out performance by Jonelle Allen and Clifton Davis, and it seems to rock the whole park. Raul Julia and Carla Pinza, who occasionally lapse into Spanish phrases, are also wonderfully saucy as Proteus and Julia. Frank O'Brien is perfect as the stuffy Thurio. And Jerry Stiller and his dog effectively add a little Yiddish to the comic monologues Shakespeare wrote for Launce.

Perhaps the most typical Guare lyric is "You live in the mansion I call my heart that I keep beneath my doublet. You live there on a permanent lease, nothing like a sublet. You rent my heart, now you control it. If this is rent control then I extol it." When Joseph Papp takes this show to Broadway, as he plans to, he is going to have to find ways to utilize even more of Guare's special talent. Meanwhile, in the park, his merry rape of the Bard is just about the liveliest event in the long history of the New York Shakespeare Festival.



*"You people are lucky. The passengers in the H-I-J seats, especially between rows 29 and 57, are getting an awful lot of turbulence."*

WILLIAMSTOWN, MASS.

POSSIBLY THE MOST romantic play ever written is Edmond Rostand's 1897 drama *Cyrano de Bergerac*. In this country it was a perennial vehicle for the late Walter Hampden and later was presented successfully on Broadway with José Ferrer. In 1962, however, that great actor Christopher Plummer gave the best performance of his career in Michael Langham's Stratford, Ontario, staging of the classic. Plummer played Cyrano not as a noble-hearted unrequited lover but as a man who cherishes elegance, wit, and the *idea* of love so much that, although his life turns out a failure, his panache constitutes a magnificent thumbing of the nose at mortality.

Now, at the Williamstown Theatre, *Cyrano* is being revived again, this time with the splendid young actor Frank Langella in the title role. Langella's portrayal emphasizes the poetic aspect of Cyrano. He gives us a soft-spoken fellow who compensates for his lack of appeal to the opposite sex by the reputation he can achieve by his daring exploits as a fencer and as a versifier.

From the beginning this Cyrano never seems in love with Roxane. Rather, he sees in her the opportunity to enjoy the imagined pleasures of a pure and noble sentiment. Indeed, the most emotional moment in this production comes when he suddenly finds himself obliged to observe Roxane actually kiss her lover. Langella makes it clear that what is bothering him is not jealousy but an abhorrence for adding physical dimensions to a love he wishes to keep a fiction.

The play has been gracefully mounted by Nikos Psacharopoulos, who has been executive director of this distinguished summer theater for the past fifteen years. Designer John Conklin has suggested the delicacy and ethereality of this production with gossamer-thin painted drops that lower into place before our eyes.

All in all it is an unusual approach to *Cyrano* and has proved so popular with audiences here that the Williamstown Theatre brought it back for an encore week.



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# Beyond the Conflict of Generations

by BENJAMIN DEMOTT

**FIRE SERMON**

**by Wright Morris**

Harper & Row, 155 pp., $5.95

Orphaned by a car accident, eleven-year-old Kermit Oelsligle goes to live with his Uncle Floyd in a California beachside town called Rubio. His days are easygoing, sun-filled, but unexciting. Home is the Live Oak Trailer Camp around the corner from school. Food is mainly barbecued hamburger and Fig Newtons. Duties and pleasures include walking a neighbor's Doberman pinscher for $1 a week (spent on cream soda and chips), standing in the Thrifty Drug reading comic books, studying WANTED posters at the P.O., watching hippies fool around interestingly in the Penny Arcade (girls and boys alike smoke grass in the adjacent lavatory), waiting with other people in the pet shop to hear the myna bird say "f—— Nixon," as it's been taught to do, and interpreting his uncle's eccentricities.

The latter are abundant. Eighty-two-year-old Floyd Warner is a thorny, willful, assertive, self-sufficient, puritanical, atheistical geezer who knows what's what and lays it forth flatly with or without invitation. He reads aloud to the boy from Colonel Ingersoll's *Forty-four Complete Lectures* and Harold Bell Wright's *When a Man's a Man*. He roars and swears in fury during domino and checker games with the boy in their trailer. He complains about junk mail once a week, strongmindedly, to Mr. Yawkey at the P.O. stamp window, and almost as regularly—to the sheriff—about the smell of dog dung in the city streets. ("What kind of dogs are they to turn their backs on the earth and prefer cement sidewalks? The food they eat out of cans makes the smell of it worse.") He is rich in expressions that seem mysterious to the boy ("it beggars belief," "weather to suit the creator," "Jumping Jehoshaphat!") and in odd bits of lore ("That spot on the yolk is the eye of the chick"). He saves keys, wears a cap with earflaps that makes him look like Bugs Bunny, works bad-temperedly as a cop at the school crossing. ("He does not like kids. He thinks they are all a pain in the ass. The fact that he has never had kids of his own he thinks the greatest blessing of his life. They grow up to be hippies, criminals, drug addicts, sex maniacs, or basketball players. The boy should be grateful he is too short to be a basketball player.") And the old man uses his sister Viola's letters to the boy as the text for passionate nonstop commentary on the uselessness of religion.

Now and then the orderly turn of their days, the uncle's and the boy's, is interrupted. One rainy night a VW bus full of pot and mountain red wanders into the trailer park (the location was formerly a high school kids' necking ground), and when Floyd Warner investigates the racket by banging a brick on the bus, orgiasts roll out in terror:

> . . . a long-haired girl leaped into the drive. She was absolutely naked except for her streaming hair. Another girl followed her, then a boy . . . then a girl swinging what might have been a dress, then two boys in shirts but without their pants, their stiff peckers looking like horns as they ran into the dark. Another boy followed, dragging a girl along with him, then he let go of her hand and took off by himself, leaving her to wheel around, like she was dizzy, then stumble off in the same direction. The last one leaped out with an armful of blankets, tripped on a

BENJAMIN DEMOTT is the author of two novels and four essay collections, the latest of which is *Surviving the Seventies*.

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25 **"The Teachings of Don Juan: A Yaqui Way of Knowledge,"** by Carlos Castaneda; **"A Separate Reality: Further Conversations with Don Juan,"** by Carlos Castaneda

25 **"Law and Order,"** by Claude Ollier

26 **Books for Young People,** by Zena Sutherland

28 **"Ali & Nino,"** by Kurban Said

29 **"Iconographs,"** by May Swenson




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trailing corner, and sprawled on his face. The boy would not soon forget his naked straddle-legged stance as he scooped things up. How many were there? It would be hard to be sure. The boy felt they would keep coming, like the next fireball out of a Roman candle. But it stopped, and behind the soft drizzle he could hear sounds like deer scrambling through brush, or a pack of hounds. None of them ever came back.

And the old man's determined maintenance of adversary relations with the general world elsewhere ("the boy never questioned that his Uncle Floyd could stand up to anything—even God if necessary . . .") is an enlivening force of a kind. On the whole, though, life at the Live Oak is routinized and habitual—school, grocery store, P.O., charburgers (two briquettes, no more, no less, for each patty), letters from Aunt Viola—week after week after week, and always a huge distance separates man from boy. When Kermit's teacher ventures to ask whether he's happy, hoping he'll say yes, the lad's eyes fill with tears, and he can't speak, so intense is the memory of his father, mother, dog, the delights of his past.

But comes a telegram, and life in a single instant is transformed: Floyd Warner's sister, the boy's aunt, has died in Kansas; as the last of the clan, the old man must set family affairs in order. Good sense advises public transport—Floyd's car has been on blocks for twenty years, like the trailer—but he is his own man as usual: he and the boy travel by car. It is a long slow journey (the car is a Maxwell), and it brings both travelers to their borders. The old man succeeds at first in imposing his character upon the trip. He it is who sets the day's mileage and the diet ("breakfast" is eaten two or three times a day, as the cheapest and best meal on the road); he it is who dismisses cash offers from antique car buffs, dismisses cops concerned about minimum speed laws on freeways, dismisses the idea of sun glasses, dismisses overtures by an oddly reappearing pair of hippie hitchhikers (a boy with a beard and bright red lips, a wide-smiling girl with long blond hair, whom, as the boy notes, the Maxwell car is always passing yet seems always to be behind). Soon enough, though, the old man's power declines. The road is wearying. His foot asleep on the gas pedal. If he takes off his boots at night, his feet are swollen in the morning and there's no getting the boots back on. He falls asleep after lunch and can't wake himself up. He changes the driving pattern from three hours on, six off to one or two on and several off, and the boy begins sharing the driving with him, and shortly afterward they take in the hippie hitchhikers—and then the Uncontrollable is truly in their midst: pot, sexual license, careless wanton destruction. In the sequel the old man's inheritance is burned to the ground, and his ward is stolen from him as by Gypsies: it is the break-up of the camp.

Wright Morris is the author of fifteen novels and winner of a National Book Award—for *The Field of Vision* (1957). His first book (publication was almost thirty years ago, and the title was *My Uncle Dudley*) told of another California uncle traveling overland to middle America in the company of some dropouts—or, as they were then known, "bums." The figure of the old geezer conducting a picaresque tutelage for one or another junior, now as a walk-on, now as a star, appears again and again in Morris's works, from *The World in the Attic* (1949) to *Cause for Wonder* (1963). And there are many other points of connection between the materials and themes of *Fire Sermon* and a dozen of the books that precede it. The final location, Humboldt County, Kansas, is, together with Nebraska and one or two other special haunts, pure Morris country, a scene explored and re-explored not only in novels but in photo-texts like *The Home Place* (1948) and *The Inhabitants* (1946). The study of age bewildered by youth was launched early and figures in book after book from *Man and Boy* (1951) onward. Counterparts to the fecklessly destructive "young adults" who ruin the old man in *Fire Sermon* are found in *Ceremony in Lone Tree* (Lee Roy Momeyer, who "just got tired of being pushed around" and ran down a couple of high school classmates with a car for revenge) and in *In Orbit* (Jubal Gainer, a Faulknerian-gothic murderer in a J. S. Bach sweatshirt). The novelist's preoccupation with creatures of will, minds confident of their force and repressed by their rectitude, has been steady and fruitful—witness the memorable Mrs. Porter, a fearful American mom who dominates *The Deep Sleep* (1953). And the timbre of his voice—wry, enigmatic, *echt* American, accents aslant—has altered only a little since the beginning.

But while it's true that continuities are everywhere visible, the value embodied in *Fire Sermon* isn't that of consistency. With but a couple of exceptions—*The Deep Sleep* is perhaps the most notable—this writer's earlier novels, whether picaresque or meditative, were cursed by a troubling indefiniteness of connection between theme and action. Few of them fail to provide, from the mouth of this or that somewhat sectioned-off speaker, a stretch of authoritative, comprehensible, strongly-crafted narrative; few succeed in integrating these stretches into a complete design whose parts tell for each other. The interest of the writer's voice and manner, the sense of an unillusioned intelligence amusedly registering American inflections, evasions of thought, accumulations of household junk—these often persuade the reader to stay with Morris even as the man's subject is fading from view. But the subjects do indeed often fade, leaving behind chaos, or an impression of claustrophobia, and suggesting a novelist hiding his own uncertainties in asepticism, incapable of striking through to the human significance of his events.

What is extraordinary about *Fire Sermon* is not just that the writer has moved radically beyond uncertainty of this sort, but that this movement—this discovery of exactly what "the

# Your Literary I.Q.

*Conducted by David M. Glixon*

## ANAGRAMMATICAL IV

Column 1 is a list of popular novels with their titles anagrammatized by E. E. Rehmus of San Francisco. In Column 2 are the surnames of their famous authors—similarly scrambled and in a different order. You are expected to unshuffle both columns (disregarding punctuation) and associate each title with its creator. It all falls into place on page 56.

1. EVYL ROOTS ( )
2. TALLI O! ( )
3. TO HIDE IT ( )
4. A ROPE OF HOURIS ( )
5. I AND ME ( )
6. ONCE A YOUTH A-GAMING, O! ( )
7. U.S.I.A. LUCID ( )
8. DOBIE LIVES ( )
9. NINE WEAK FANGS ( )
10. HER STAR GENT ( )

a. FOWLE
b. COJEY
c. U. HAWG
d. VARGES
e. KOVED SOTYS
f. GLASE
g. ASCUM
h. ESHES
i. VOOBANK
j. DE KUIP



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material" means—doesn't edge him toward discursiveness, essay-writing, or any other mode of pontification. The story at hand carries its "sermon" in its action: the fire announces its significance by occurring when it occurs, by being started as it's started, and in this respect it is at one with the journey itself, the advent of the hippie strangers, and the rupture of relations between man and boy. To read this novel is to feel the pleasurable pressure of novelistic awareness, the real thing—an alert, judicious, unforced reckoning with the full complications of each human situation in its turn, a refusal to be distracted from complex inward circumstance by surface newsiness or culturological chic. It's true that *Fire Sermon* presents a face-off between generations, and that not every element of this conflict ranks as a brilliant discovery. Stereotypically, wars between "hippies" and "senior citizens" pit self-indulgence, irresponsibility, shameless sexuality, disrespect for property against uptight respectability, inhibition, possessiveness. And these terms do have a marginal relevance to the struggle that shapes the crisis of this book. But they are far from adequate terms either for the primary facts of feeling or for the body of truth that the story becomes.

Partly this is because the writer regularly complicates the conventional moral response by pointing at inconvenient evidence proving its insufficiency or even crudity. Shortly after the hitchhikers are picked up, they copulate in the trailer in front of the eleven-year-old boy. The novelist's tone conveys disapproval; the girl tries at first to resist her partner, and the eleven-year-old, in turn, averts his eyes from the pair. But subsequent events subtilize this judgment: as though a sense of responsibility, and of love and protectiveness, had somehow been born in her by the "sordid" behavior —born not in guilt but in satisfaction at discovering her role and worth as initiator—the girl becomes, at the crisis, the necessary new guardian for the child. The effect isn't to hint that sexual indulgence is never outrageous, always charming and ennobling; it is, instead, to open up the obscure and complex emotional processes by which, within particular persons, "shamelessness" comes to transcend itself.

More important, in releasing the story from the banality of cultural reporting on generational conflict, is the novelist's instinct for the permanent contours of such conflict—essentials that aren't timebound. Floyd Warner at eighty-two isn't one more commonplace hippie-hater, lipping off about immorality, laziness, and the like, in concert with youth-baiting editorialists and politicos. He's an old man who,

**Wright Morris—"a work of art, pure, deep, humorous, and wise."**

after hanging by his teeth for years, holding will and self together through embattlement, through stiff postures of resistance, is learning that nobody's dukes stay up forever: fights have endings, the energy of resistance leaks away. When an intuition of arm-heaviness speaks inside him, he's enticed briefly into a sort of practice truce with his own contentiousness, and the narrative opens on a moment of remarkable beauty, simplicity, and surprise.

> They were still in Nevada when [the boy] saw, far up ahead, this roiling, mud-colored river obstructing the road. It proved to be sheep, thousands of them, and when he stopped the car they flowed around behind it and they could move neither forward nor backward. Mixed in with the flock were hundreds of invisible bleating lambs. Such a moiling of sea creatures gave the boy a fright, but Uncle Floyd got out of the car and waded in among them, clutching the wool on their backs. He could hear him shouting elegant curses, as if he knew some of them personally. The movement of the flock carried him along with them, as if he rode on their backs. If sheep were the dumbest things alive, as the boy had been told, why did the old man seem so fond of them?

The sheepherder is distant, the sheep are kept in order by dogs that run along at sides of the pack, as if stalking, their heads and tails kept low. The old man's behavior mystifies the nephew, for suddenly it seems a surrender to the delight of being carried off:

> In his excitement, clutching the sheep for support, the old man was carried off with them. Did he know what he was doing? Off maybe one hundred yards he wheeled around and cupped his hands to his face, as if shouting something. The boy heard nothing but the bleating lambs. The old man did not move—a single buffeted figure, a snag in the river that flowed wide and fast—but tried to hold his footing against the current. The boy leaned out the window, as from a bridge railing, shouting, "Uncle Floyd!" as if that would help. The old man held his place by reaching forward to clutch at the wool streaming toward him. The boy continued to holler. The lambs continued to bleat. . . .

An oldster who took on all opposition with relish, who'd scrap with the government, bang a brick on orgiasts, admit to having a "stubborn will"—why should he slope off, flow away with a flock of dumb sheep? "The boy's fury," Morris writes, "was in part his dim awareness that he, too, was helpless. Against a force as mindless as this he could only rage." In a moment it's over, and the lad sees:

> . . . the tail end of the flock recede, leaving the old man high and dry in the desert, his back humped from the posture he had held while standing his ground. When the boy ran toward him, he waved him off. He needed no help from a preteen boy to get himself out of what he had got into.

As that gesture attests, the experience isn't to be confused with that of an enervated letting-go: it might in fact pass as a model in little of an entire life of resistance. The sheep smell stays on the old man: he keeps sniffing his fingers for it, as though it were life itself, and he neither speaks nor acts like a "finished" man:

> As strong as the smell the boy had the impression that his Uncle would have liked someone older to talk to, it not being every day that he was carried away by a flock of sheep. When they stopped for the night the hardboiled egg his Uncle first peeled, then handed to him, had the taste of all that wool he had clutched. "You wear it off, boy," he said, catching his eye, "you don't wash it off."

The contentiousness is still in the voice.

Yet as the events that follow demonstrate, the man has touched another understanding of himself, one that puzzles, excites and scares him—and that shakes him into the company of dangerous strangers. And not the least



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of Morris's achievements is that his reader has an inkling of the nature of that understanding, and of the excitement and confusion it engenders. It is, quite simply, understanding of the cycle of power within the human being. Having begun as a survey of elders and juniors, an accounting of contrasts of manners, superstitions, and styles, *Fire Sermon* becomes before long an instrument for penetrating the cycle just mentioned. It shows forth an elder grasping—almost grasping; nobody does better than that—that the rules specify his pride, will, aspiration, opinion are not only to be "buffeted" but stripped from him, and that what will happen to him must happen to his juniors too, and that the overwhelming difference between them is only that this knowledge now in his bones and nerves cannot in the nature of things ever be possessed simultaneously by them both. The latter isn't an astonishing perspective, of course. It might even be depreciated, shrugged off—a *memento mori* for teen-agers. But as the understanding emerges in these pages it becomes the ground of moral authority; possessing it, the novelist is able to warn and pardon in the same breath, and seems to speak from the mythic world wherein triviality burns off, and useful seriousness (not solemnity) begins. In the final sentences of the book, youth is delighting in its separateness, its communion with "its own kind": the old man is gone, his house and barn have burned down, and the eleven-year-old is on the road—luckily, joyfully—with the easy, flexy, hippie pair that has fascinated him from the start. The novelist speaks kindly but coolly to this innocence, knowing that it's blind to itself, knowing it's incapable of understanding its own slogans, or the absurdity of its own sense of exemption, wishing it well, doubting its hope, remembering and fearing all at once:

> In spite of all the eyes on him, and all the faith for him, [the boy's] going to need all the luck he can get. *They* are, that is. His Uncle would have been the first to tell them that. He is distracted by the girl's tightening grip on his shoulder in order to steady herself, stand on one leg, and by the glow from the fire examine the sole of her blackened foot.
>
> "Fire purifies," she said, and gave [the boy] her big, warm, friendly smile.

The smile is valued at precisely the right rate—immensely attractive, incapable of saving a soul—and this uncommon exactitude is the mark of the story as a whole. Intricately designed, effortlessly executed, *Fire Sermon* is a major gift—Wright Morris's best novel to date, a work of art, pure, deep, humorous, and wise.

# Book Forum

## *Letters from Readers*

### The Dynamic Game of Life

BENJAMIN DEMOTT, IN HIS OTHERWISE excellent essay "The New Sexistentialism," [*SR*, July 10], seems to come to the same conclusion as that of overly puritanical and repressive parents in their ideas and attitudes toward sex.

Although I have never prescribed swinging or group sex, I have seen instances where it has helped a marriage remain outwardly stable, probably saved, and in many instances used as a gap between possible divorce and mutual agreement to seek help from a marriage counselor.

While most of us in the business of marriage counseling see only the "bad" cases, there are a great many people of apparent emotional stability involved in group sex and wife-swapping. Some are active in PTA work, Boy Scouts, etc. They are, regardless of the fact that some degree of personality disorder and neurosis is usually present, *trying* (sometimes very desperately) to function better as fathers and mothers, by clandestinely sharing the temporary physical pleasures of adultery in what they honestly feel is a therapeutic experience.

By leading a double life, the swinging couples of today are certainly being hypocritical, but to a lesser degree than the husband of the old double standard whose infidelity was forgiven, while the wife had to retain the Madonna image.

To some extent, hypocrisy and exceptions to the rule (or societal norms) have become a way of life. And I do not think that hypocrisy per se is altogether bad. It is a part of the dynamic game of life in which we are all engaged.

JOHN F. TRIMBLE,
Washington, D.C.

### Scott and Zelda

ROBERT EMMET LONG'S REVIEW of books on F. Scott Fitzgerald [*SR*, July 24] is very perceptive. But he is far too kind in his treatment of Sara Mayfield's willful and spiteful biography, *Exiles from Paradise*, and far too generous in his analysis of her, for she seems to me to lack both taste and perspicacity. Towards the end of her book, Mayfield writes that if Scott were alive today, he *would smile* at his reputation as a serious writer. Mayfield's lack of sagacity is only exceeded by her excess of asininity.

WEBSTER HUNTINGTON,
San Francisco, Calif.

ROBERT EMMET LONG REMARKED OF *Crazy Sundays*, by Aaron Latham, that there was nothing new or startling in it. I found just the opposite. This is the first book on the subject which has any reference to a man named Bill Warren, who seems to have had a very close relationship with Fitzgerald during the time he lived in Baltimore. I was so intrigued by the absence of this name from any of the other books in the canon that I made a check of the indexes of the Mizener and Turnbull books and especially of *Zelda*. There is no Bill Warren in any of these. He has one brief reference in the little book of Fitzgerald's letters to his daughter.

Isn't this some sort of literary puzzle? Was he omitted from the other books at his own request? Maybe he feels—as I do—there should be a moratorium on books about the second most overrated writer of this century.

JAMES SHORTELL,
San Francisco, Calif.

### Classic Review?

I WAS STRUCK by the classic nature of David M. Locke's review of George Daniels's *Science in American Society* [*SR*, Aug. 7]. Locke presents the model form of a reviewer commenting on what he would like a book to be rather than evaluating a book on its intended purpose and merits.

HERBERT WINNIK,
St. Mary's City, Md.

*"That'll be one prune danish, two cheese, two regulars, and one black no sugar."*



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**AT THE PINES: Swinburne and Watts-Dunton in Putney**

**by Mollie Panter-Downes**

Gambit, 196 pp., $6.95

*Reviewed by Louis Untermeyer*

■ Besides her title, Mollie Panter-Downes owes more than a little to Max Beerbohm's lightly mocking prose portrait ("Number 2, The Pines") of the reformed Swinburne and his jealously possessive "custodian," Watts-Dunton, those two gradually aging "dear old men." She has something of Beerbohm's deft and delicate touch; moreover, she has done her homework so neatly, so happily, that the result never reads like research.

Swinburne was forty-two, England's most successful, and most sensational, poet, when "saved" from his notorious excesses—drinking, masochistic sexual eccentricities, flagellation, and other "raptures and roses of vice"—by Theodore Watts. (The adding of Dunton, his mother's name, came later.) Five years Swinburne's senior, Watts was a second-rate poet, a competent if undistinguished critic, and a wholehearted appreciator of the great and near-great. In 1879, when Watts brought Swinburne to The Pines at Putney Hill, the latter was dangerously ill, deeply in debt, his inherited deafness growing worse. Poisoned by alcohol, racked by delirium tremens, he lay prostrate on his bed for weeks, unable to digest anything.

At The Pines Watts tamed him and restored him to health. His drinking was cut down to a bottle of ale a day; brandy was tabooed, but an occasional glass of claret was permitted. Under Watts's regimen of diet, rest, and daily walks on Putney Heath, Swinburne became a model of propriety. He was allowed little, if any, contact with his former companions; and, from the moment of his "cure," Watts said smugly, "Swinburne's connection with Bohemian London ceased entirely."

Watts's influence has been variously interpreted. His wife (who was in her twenties when, to everyone's astonishment, the seventy-three-year-old Watts married her) wrote: "The almost adoring expression which came into Swinburne's eyes when he looked at my husband made me realize how deeply and gratefully conscious he was of the incalculable blessing the magnetic presence of his friend had been to him all the happy years he had spent under his roof." Edmund Gosse, Swinburne's close friend and biographer, was far less laudatory about Watts, to whom he referred as "the old horror of Putney." He felt that Swinburne had been ruined. Gosse wrote to the bibliophile and forger T. J. Wise, "What you say about the hold Watts had on him is very true. It was a sort of rattlesnake fascination which left the victim helpless as a rabbit."

Opinion is also divided concerning the quality of what Swinburne composed during his thirty years at The Pines. Some consider those years a long and sterile twilight, a capitulation not only of his nature but also his art. There is no question, however, about his productivity during that period. After 1880 Swinburne's output was prodigious: twenty-four volumes published before he died and five more posthumously—poetry, drama, more than two hundred contributions to newspapers and magazines, reviews, essays for the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, letters to the press. The once tempestuous rebel, now a coddled conservative, turned out journalistic verses on political topics, celebrated Queen Victoria's Jubilee with a ponderous ode, followed it with an ode excoriating Russia, attacked the fighters for Home Rule in Ireland, and indulged himself in other blatant patriotic flourishes. The onetime poet of revolt, who had so rudely shocked Victorian England, wrote adoring roundels about babies and maudlin—actually lovesick—poems to Watts's seven-year-old nephew, Bertie Mason: ". . . when my forthcoming volume is out, I shall have published fifty poems on a single child."

All this, and much more, Miss Panter-Downes tells with her own embellishments, roulades, and grace notes. For good measure she quotes part of Swinburne's self-parody, one of the most cutting ever written:

> In a maze of monotonous murmur
> Where reason roves ruined by rhyme,
> In a voice neither graver nor firmer
> Than the bells on a fool's cap chime . . .
> Some singers indulging in curses,
> Though sinful have splendidly sinned;
> But my would-be maleficent verses
> Are nothing but wind.

Her accounting is shrewd; her style both sly and sprightly, though flawed by undisciplined repetitions. On page 24 Watts is represented as "a dependable dog . . . the Darling family's Nana" (a reference to *Peter Pan*); and the comparison to the trusty watchdog with his disapproving bark reappears on pages 46, 51, 57, 64, and 165. Miss Panter-Downes is even more insistent on her metaphor likening Swinburne's poetic gift to "Apollo's bow . . . hung up over the umbrella stand. . . ." The Apollo's-bow image occurs intact periodically—nine times at least—becoming "Apollo's wondrous bow," "the divine bow of Apollo," "winged shafts of Apollo," etc. Swinburne's female flagellators are always "blonde Amazons." Nevertheless, Miss Panter-Downes spontaneously creates vivid passages as well as delightful figures of speech. For example, when Swinburne marches out of his room clasping to his bosom a bottle of good old English ale: "The vine leaves are out of his hair. Now he wears patriotically in that dwindling aureole the green tendrils of the Kentish hop."

—"At The Pines," by Max Beerbohm (from the book)

**Swinburne and Watts-Dunton—Apollo's bow hung up on the umbrella stand.**

The book ends with a query about Swinburne: "Will the young ever discover him again . . . ?" And her answer is "It could well be so." At the risk of seeming ungracious toward this possibility, I cannot extend such a hope. Young discoverers, if any, will find that Swinburne has little to communicate, and a tediously rhapsodic way of imparting those few experiences which would be meaningful to them. Reading Swinburne today, for most of us, is too much like plunging into a welter of words only to drown in a sea of endlessly alliterating syllables.

*Louis Untermeyer's most recent books are "The Pursuit of Poetry" and a collection of feline short stories, "Cat o' Nine Tales."*

*Coming October 23*
**Fall Travel Issue**



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**WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS: An American Life**

**by Kenneth S. Lynn**

Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 372 pp., $13.95

*Reviewed by Leon Edel*

■ The figure of William Dean Howells has always interested students of American literature, for he was a mixture of novelist and journalist, editor and appreciator, a literary-establishment figure who had a sense of social justice and was at the same time addicted to the ultimate snobbery of "making it." Earlier scholarly biographies have charted his honorable career: how he came out of Ohio, wrote a campaign biography of Lincoln, was rewarded with a consulship in Venice, where he served during the Civil War and absorbed the picturesque, if not the tragic, implications of that city; then his return, his acceptance by the Boston Brahmins, his editorship of the *Atlantic*, his espousal of great world literary figures, his friendships with young writers and with men as different as Mark Twain and Henry James, and his ultimate ascent to *doyen* of American letters. Van Wyck Brooks, who wrote an earlier life of Howells, was much attracted to him, perhaps because he saw in him something of himself—the love of letters, the fine tradition of American liberalism, the belief in progress and world order, a kind of suburban sanity and optimism which can be very American and which perhaps prompts Professor Kenneth Lynn to subtitle this newest biography "An American Life."

—*From the book*

**William Dean Howells—"an 'insect' scraping along the surface of life."**

Dr. Lynn has had the advantage of working through the Howells papers. His biography, the fullest and most searching to date, goes beyond its predecessors in recognizing the deep despair behind Howells's search for the smiling aspects of American life, and depicts, in greater detail than before, the stern childhood, the difficult power-seeking parents, the rigidities within *A Boy's Town*—the town that Howells ultimately celebrated. Lynn argues that what has been overlooked are the recurrent "nervous breakdowns" from which Howells suffered; moreover, the critics who have condemned Howells for his eternal optimism have failed to recognize the grimace behind the smile. In this he stands on valid psychological ground, although his generalizations are perhaps incautious at times, and the "breakdowns" might be read simply as moments of black depression.

The data supplied in this work permits us to speculate that the central "dynamic" of Howells's constituted personality rested on an underlying state of chronic melancholy. Howells defended himself against this with a cultivated cheerfulness, a sort of whistling in the dark. With puritanical zeal he suppressed passion and the turmoil of his soul, and looked to life for quiet answers. That he could find no quiet may indeed be what is most "American" about his life. The smile of existence faded whenever he looked for it. Success and money banished but temporarily the despair that always returned. This led to restlessness, his changing of jobs and homes, a sense of somehow having missed life. Silas Lapham was also Lambert Strether, and there is much of Howells in James's *The Ambassadors*.

Professor Lynn perceives that but never in sharp focus; his book has the value, however, of offering correctives to the glamour cast over Howells's figure in earlier assessments. But there is in this biography, also, a critical imbalance, which perhaps results from the author's failure to read his own evidence. Was Howells as great a novelist as he makes him out to be? Did Howells contain within himself "multitudes"? Is he one of the "glories" of our literature? Lynn's rhetoric carries him away sometimes from the palpable truth that Howells's world was one of small, tender things, of patience and forbearance and good humor. He possessed a good style, but when challenged for not knowing what to do with it, acknowledged—almost as if he had read Kafka—that he was an "insect" scraping along the surface of life. Perhaps Howells had too much humility to accommodate the pride of art.

The novelist and critic had the courage of his convictions rather than the courage of his passions. Though able to defend the Chicago anarchists against a miscarriage of justice, he shrank from the human, the physical, the earthiness of men that might have made him a Zola but made him the ancestor of Booth Tarkington instead. He could justify Stephen Crane's *Maggie* yet reject the ultimate realities required for "realism." In contrast to those novelists who dared to confront human disaster, he ended by chronicling small beer.

This emerges from Lynn's work in spite of its looseness of organization and biographical trivia, its hyperbole and clichés. Such discords and a prolixity of detail blunt much of the drama Professor Lynn is describing. The biography suffers also from a typical "American studies" treatment, with wide generalizations, sociological and political, providing an overblown background for a small human figure. If we face the facts, we see Howells as a prime example of our native "man of letters," who, deficient in the passion that underlies genius, and lacking the larger view of life, recalls small, ephemeral truths and minor crises of existence. Howells could enchant by an account of apartment-hunting in New York, but he never knew what went on inside the apartments. And he was content with facile answers. Professor Lynn might have pondered the title of Howells's best-known literary column, "Editor's Easy Chair."

*Leon Edel's final volume of his life of Henry James, "The Master," will be published this autumn.*

**FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1466**

*A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1466 will be found in the next issue.*

. . . SLMAP DZ AJSFTY JU J

BTYJS UEYKSJKOY, UDNYVLJS

TYUYNCOMAB SLY DEYTJ.

—ZDASYAYOOY

**Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1465**

*He was a man who acted from the best motives. There is one born every minute.*

—WODEHOUSE.



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**THE TEACHINGS OF DON JUAN: A Yaqui Way of Knowledge**

**by Carlos Castaneda**

Ballantine, 276 pp., 95¢

**A SEPARATE REALITY: Further Conversations with Don Juan**

**by Carlos Castaneda**

Simon & Schuster, 317 pp., $6.95

*Reviewed by Albert William Levi*

■ In June 1961 Carlos Castaneda, a young graduate student in anthropology at UCLA, fell under the spell of a man whom he calls don Juan—a seventy-year-old Yaqui Indian from northwestern Mexico, who was known tribally as a sorcerer or medicine man. Castaneda, who met him through a professional interest in Indian use of peyote and other hallucinogenic drugs, was immediately enthralled by the older man and accepted his reputation as a seer able to lead others into states of "nonordinary reality." So began almost five years' tutelage for the youthful researcher by his Yaqui mentor, who in turn seemed deeply impressed by Castaneda's qualities as a disciple and as a potential successor to carry on his work. *The Teachings of Don Juan* is a remarkably persuasive account of that association and, through it, what Castaneda learned about hallucinogenic drugs.

Since its initial publication in hardcover three years ago by the University of California Press, the book has attracted a wide readership. What strikes one most in the narrative are the intensity of Castaneda's transference toward the older man, with all the respect, reverence, even awe this involved; the Indian's conviction that Castaneda, though not of his people, possessed the "clarity of mind," singleness of devotion, and "unbending intent" to endure the arduous self-discipline that might make him "a man of knowledge"; and, finally, the courageous determination which made Castaneda persist in his efforts to master the Yaqui world view, thereby gaining that power by which a man could be transformed "beyond the boundaries of himself."

Though hallucinogenic drugs served as the medium for this pursuit, their use was a sparse and precious occurrence, undertaken so religiously with such fear and trembling as to make a travesty of drug experience in modern culture. Only after a year's acquaintance with don Juan could Castaneda be deemed worthy of his first trial with peyote. During the next four years, in an effort to achieve the state of "special consensus," and to move in the ambiance of nonordinary reality, he underwent further episodes with Jimson weed and the sacred mushroom. These widely-spaced, ritualized, and horror-inspiring events are detailed with extraordinary sincerity and precision.

Only fear and exhaustion brought the first phase of Castaneda's study to an end. "The degree of participation and involvement needed was so strenuous that by the end of 1965 I had to withdraw from the apprenticeship . . . don Juan's teachings had begun to pose a serious threat to my 'idea of the world.' I had begun to lose the certainty, which all of us have, that the reality of everyday life is something we can take for granted."

After a lapse of nearly two and a half years, Castaneda was impelled to begin again, remaining with don Juan this time until October 1970. *A Separate Reality: Further Conversations with Don Juan*, written as a sequel to the first book, develops his exposure to the rigorous exercise of "seeing." Although in this follow-up record the drug experience is less dominant than in the original account, the social setting of Indian sorcery emerges more clearly. Castaneda is a trained anthropologist. As such, he kept accurate notes of his conversations with don Juan, and these transcripts have served well in his analytical project. The first part of *The Teachings of Don Juan* relates the phenomena of a true believer. The second presents a structural analysis with logical and scientific rigor. It is a miracle of coexistence.

*Albert William Levi is the David May Distinguished University Professor of Humanities at Washington University.*

**LAW AND ORDER**

**by Claude Ollier**
**translated from the French**
**by Ursule Molinaro**

Red Dust, 126 pp., $4.95

*Reviewed by Leon S. Roudiez*

■ This is Claude Ollier's second work of fiction, although the first to appear in English translation. A fine writer, a contemporary of Robbe-Grillet (critics have found analogies in their books), he is, like Claude Mauriac, a movie critic and, as such, a frequent contributor to the *Cahiers du Cinéma*; he is also an admirer of Jorge Luis Borges, but that affinity becomes noticeable only in Ollier's third novel, *Eté Indien*.

His writings are part and parcel of the literary revolution that has made French fiction so intriguing and distinctive during the past two decades. An awareness of the nature of language, and of the way it structures our view of the world, led Ollier to reject a business career, for which his family had prepared him, in favor of working with, and on, language. For him, as for most French writers of the younger generation, this decision has political overtones; by implanting a sensitivity to language in others, one may foster their understanding of the degree to which it can be manipulated to achieve and maintain power. The irony of the book's title is clear, but those Americans who have learned what the phrase "law and order" conceals should remember that this novel was published in France ten years ago.

*(Continued on page 28)*

*"I'm walking upright! By God, this calls for a drink or something!"*



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# Children as Poets

by ZENA SUTHERLAND

Poetry by children is not a new literary phenomenon. In 1920, when Hilda Conkling was ten years old, her *Poems by a Little Girl* was published, with a glowing introduction by Amy Lowell, and Aliki Barnstone wrote *The Real Tin Flower* when she was nine. Both had parents who were poets.

Today thousands of children are writing and publishing poetry. And numerous adults are producing books on how to stimulate and channel this creative impulse in and out of the classroom; in addition, we have works on the language of the child, and on the therapeutic and esthetic values of composing with freedom.

Three very useful paperbacks concern the subject. Flora Arnstein's *Children Write Poetry: A Creative Approach* (Dover, $2) discusses the choice of poetry for children and the ways in which a teacher can foster poetic expression. *Let Them Be Themselves*, by Lee Bennett Hopkins (Citation Press, $2), is a practical guide for teaching techniques, oriented particularly toward the disadvantaged child in elementary school. Stephen M. Joseph has compiled for *The Me Nobody Knows: Children's Voices from the Ghetto* (Avon, 95¢) prose and poetry by New York City youngsters, chiefly black and Puerto Rican. The prefatory note explains that no discipline of form or spelling was imposed, lest they be discouraged. Result: a spontaneous outpouring of reaction, often bitter, to the world around them.

*Somebody Turned on a Tap in These Kids*, edited by Nancy Larrick (Delacorte, $5.95), contains articles by teachers and poets, an interesting exchange with teen-aged writers, and some excellent poems by them and younger children. In *Poetry Is*, by Ted Hughes (Doubleday, $3.95; paperback, $1.95), a British poet discusses poetic imagery and technique. Based on a series of BBC talks, the book has an easy and polished conversational tone that doesn't talk down to its readers.

Among several outstanding collections of poetry written by young people are *The Wind and the Rain* (Simon & Schuster, $3.95) and *Miracles* (Simon & Schuster, $4.95). For them Richard Lewis gathered poems by children the world over, and there isn't a cute one in the lot. They are, in fact, remarkably dignified and sensitive. Edited by Virginia Olsen Baron, *Here I Am!* (Dutton, $4.95) is an anthology of verse by young people in minority groups, who "talk about how they live, how they feel, what they think, what they dream, what they hope for, what they're like inside." Intense, that's what they are—and infinitely moving.

*It Is the Poem Singing Into Your Eyes*, edited by Arnold Adoff (Harper & Row, $4.50), offers, in a discriminating selection, great stylistic variety—from tender lyricism to concrete poetry. June Jordan and Terri Bush have brought together in *The Voice of the Children* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $3.95) some of the best verse to come out of a creative writing workshop. Nancy Larrick chose for *Green Is Like a Meadow of Grass* (Garrard, $2.32) poems by students whose teachers were participating in a poetry workshop. The children were encouraged through collections of verse and personal observation to set down their reactions to nature. The poems included in Nancy Larrick's *I Heard a Scream in the Street* (Evans, $4.95) were drawn from workshops, class magazines, student newspapers, and college poetry projects.

All of the anthologies of poetry by today's young people are marked by a high emotional quotient—an anger about inequality, injustice, and war; a profound compassion and insight; a sharp probing of self and relationships. There is little humor.

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**Father Fox's Pennyrhymes.** *By Clyde Watson. Illustrated by Wendy Watson. Crowell. 56 pp. $4.50.* Father Fox and his friends are pictured, often in comic strip form, in bright, small watercolors that are little stories in themselves. Full of fun and swinging with rhythm and rhyme, the songs and verses of Father Fox are in the Mother Goose tradition. Some of the selections are sweet or wistful, but mostly they're delightfully silly, and many have the lilt of a jump-rope chant: "Oh my goodness, oh my dear,/ Sassafras & ginger beer,/ Chocolate cake & apple punch: / I'm too full to eat my lunch." Pennyrhymes are just the sort of verse that small children like to reread and often memorize. Ages 3-6.

**A Father Like That.** *By Charlotte Zolotow. Illustrated by Ben Shecter. Harper & Row. 32 pp. $3.50.* His father, the boy says, went away before he was born, and his absence is never more fully explained. But whether it was caused by death, divorce, or desertion is not really the issue. He just isn't there, and the boy dreams aloud to his mother, telling her what his father would be like. He'd help with the housework and the homework, he'd bring home jokes from the office, he'd never show off at parent-teacher meetings, and he'd ask sensible questions of friends, like "How's your dog?" Mother, who is getting a bit uptight, says, ". . . in case he never comes . . . when you grow up you can be a father like that yourself!" The book doesn't tell a story but, with its ingenuous and childlike expression, *A Father Like That* has a poem's heart-reaching poignancy, here leavened by gentle humor. Ages 5-8.

**The Silver Whistle.** *By Jay Williams. Illustrated by Friso Henstra. Parents' Magazine Press. 44 pp. $3.95.* A magic whistle that will summon the birds and the beasts is a handy thing for a girl to have when she has to make her own way in the world. Prudence, as cheery and sensible a heroine as ever graced a fairy tale, refrains from using the whistle for its final purpose (blown four times, it shatters glass) until she sees the handsome, bride-searching prince fooled by a magic mirror that makes a witch look beautiful. The mirror shatters, the witch disappears, the prince proposes—to Prudence. "Me? But I'm not beautiful," says our homely heroine. "As it happens, I prefer freckles," says he. The writing has a nonchalant sophistication that spices the tradition of the form. Ages 5-9.

**The Scary Woods.** *By Victor Keller. Illustrated by Cheryl Pelavin. Four Winds Press. 32 pp. $4.50.* The woods were dangerous, Cub's parents said, and he was absolutely not to go there alone until he was bigger. Could they go with him? No, they were too busy doing important things and earning money. Cub ingeniously forms a plan whereby he earns money to hire them as escorts. His parents gracefully capitulate, proposing a day in the woods with their little explorer as a nature guide. With cool detachment Cub says he can make the time. The dialogue is delightful, the story permeated with humor and affection, and the triumph of the persistent child satisfying. Ages 6-8.

**Basil and the Pygmy Cats.** *By Eve Titus. Illustrated by Paul Galdone. McGraw-Hill. 96 pp. $4.95.* His new case takes the great sleuth of the mouse world, Basil of Baker Street, to the Inscrutable East, and his profound shrewdness is again described by the admiring Dr. Dawson. Every schoolmouse knows, of course, of Elyod the Good, who ruled Euphoria 2,000 years ago, and his mysterious disappearance. Was he shipwrecked? And what is the explanation behind the golden goblet etched with worshiping pygmy cats? The story has enough adventure for a dozen books (freeing a captive maharajah, fleeing a volcanic eruption, an archeological coup in which Basil takes notes suspended over a cliff), along with such characters as the ubiquitous villain Ratigan and Jeannie, the lost Loch



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Ness monster. There's even a Sudipal Sirrom. Ages 8-10.

**The Jezebel Wolf.** *By F. N. Monjo. Illustrated by John Schoenherr. Simon & Schuster. 47 pp. $4.50.* This fictionalized account of a true incident in the life of Israel Putnam, the "Old Put" of the Revolutionary War, is narrated in a natural, conversational style, chiefly as a reminiscence. Putnam's younger son had never heard the story of the wolf his father had killed, and he gets the full details in several installments. The wolf, having ravaged the local livestock, was hunted over many miles, and finally trapped and killed in her lair. The author's note explains that, whereas wolves were a menace in colonial times, they are not so now, and every effort should be made to prevent their extinction. The illustrations are stunning, and the tale is told with a storyteller's flair. Ages 8-10.

**The Art of the Southwest Indians.** *By Shirley Glubok. Photographs by Alfred Tamarin. Macmillan. 48 pp. $5.95.* Large, clear photographs, good book design, and easy-to-read print add to the visual appeal of the latest in a series of art books by Shirley Glubok. In a simply written text she describes the arts, crafts, and ceremonial accouterments of the Apache, Navajo, and Pueblo tribes, with reference to technique, usage, and tradition. Ages 8-11.

**Wolf Run: A Caribou Eskimo Tale.** *Written and illustrated by James Houston. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. 64 pp. $3.50.* Hunger has come to Punik's tribe; his father is dead and his grandfather dying. So Punik sets off alone to find food. Almost defeated by weakness and cold, the boy is prepared to meet death when two ferocious wolves appear. But, instead, they save his life by killing a caribou and leaving it for him. Punik then knows that they are the spirits of his grandparents come to his rescue. The bleak strength of the illustrations complements the direct portrayal of a primitive people's dignity and courage. And, as in each of James Houston's stories, an integrity of conception provides a firm base on which the tautly structured, vigorously executed plot rests. Ages 9-11.

**The Finches' Fabulous Furnace.** *By Roger Drury. Illustrated by Erik Blegvad. Little, Brown. 149 pp. $4.95.* The rent would be low, the real estate agent said, but there might be one drawback to the house: in the cellar was a small volcano. Not very violent, some steam—but no lava. Although he was not enthralled, Mr. Finch had just come to town, and his family desperately needed a home. He and his son manage to keep the volcano a secret from Mrs. Finch, who is baffled by the heat, and from the suspicious neighbors, who wonder why the grass around the house hasn't any snow. Save for the volcano, the story is quite realistic and exceedingly funny, with lively dialogue and amusing glimpses of community personalities and relationships. Ages 9-11.

**The Big Show: A History of the Circus.** *By Felix Sutton. Illustrated with photographs. Doubleday. 176 pp. $4.95.* Despite more than a hint of throbbing prose, *The Big Show* provides a fascinating survey of circus history, from the many small touring troupes of its early days to the colorful showmen and stars of today's giant spectacles. Approximately half the book is devoted to the history of the circus, and the rest focuses on its various attractions: animals, clowns, acrobats, street parades, and sideshows. How can it fail to be alluring? It can't. Ages 11-14.

**Air Raid—Pearl Harbor!** *By Theodore Taylor. Illustrated by W. T. Mars. Crowell. 185 pp. $4.50.* Theodore Taylor spent over a year doing research for a film on Pearl Harbor, visiting Japan and interviewing some of the participants. Gathering momentum in the best suspense-story style, his narrative shuttles between the Japanese plans, the diplomatic and military snarls in Washington, and the composure of the command at Pearl Harbor as it progresses chronologically toward the 7th of December, 1941. Despite imputations of negligence and many instances of error, the fact that Pearl Harbor came as a surprise clearly indicates that it was too complicated an event to assign blame. Vividly written, this combines the values of a documentary with the excitement of a cliff-hanger. Ages 11-15.

**Reconstruction: The Great Experiment.** *By Allen W. Trelease. Harper & Row. 224 pp. $4.95.* "It has been said that every generation possesses only so much idealistic capital; when this is spent, no more is left." The political battle between Presidential candidates Hayes and Tilden saw the end of a decade in which the Negroes gained emancipation, civil rights, and the franchise, then lost every advantage they had obtained. Firm, thoughtful, and detailed, this impressive historical and literary achievement is a smooth synthesis of fact and theory, which treats objectively both the idealism and the corruption of the period. Ages 12-15.

**Living Lanterns: Luminescence in Animals.** *Written and illustrated by Hilda Simon. Viking. 128 pp. $4.95.* Meticulous four-color drawings of animal forms balance the informative text of an unusually good book in the field of natural science. Intriguing enough to catch the interest of the general reader, the subject of bioluminescence is handled here with a simple informality that demands no background, yet *Living Lanterns* is accurate and comprehensive enough to be useful to those already acquainted with the topic. Although most of the book is devoted to descriptions of specific light-emitting creatures, it is buttressed by discussion of theories, knowledge, and research in the field. Ages 12 up.

—From "Wolf Run"

**Earth, Air, Fire & Water: A Collection of Over 125 poems.** *Selected and edited by Frances Monson McCullough. Coward, McCann & Geoghegan. 190 pp. $5.95.* Many of the contributors to this anthology of verse for the twentieth century are established poets like Whitman, Pound, Levertov, Ginsberg, Lowell, Yevtushenko, Swenson, and others. As many are little known. They write on aspects of modern life: painful and angry poems of protest, candid explorations of personal freedom or despair, vivid impressions of a mood or a scene. This is a varied collection with a useful section of brief notes on the poets included. Ages 13 up.

**Secrets.** *By Nancy Hale. Coward, McCann & Geoghegan. 126 pp. $4.95.* What nicer thing could happen to an only child than to have a big family move into the house next door? The nameless woman who narrates the story in retrospect says, "Simply my life is divided into the part before the Welches came and the part after they had arrived and were already my friends—the nearest to brothers and sisters I ever had." The four Welch children are motherless, and their rigid, unimaginative father blunders repeatedly by taking over their projects and by presenting them with little uplifting tracts. The novel is anecdotal, moving from the precious shared secrets of childhood through the years of dancing lessons, the first kiss, an experiment with alcohol, the debutante season, and finally the wistful memories of drifting apart. The limpid, effortless writing is enriched with the author's gentle humor and felicitous perception. For young adults.

**His Day Is Marching On: A Memoir of W. E. B. Du Bois.** *By Shirley Graham Du Bois. Lippincott. 384 pp. $6.95.* Most of the important facts about Du Bois are already known, but this loving and dignified biography by his wife discloses innumerable details that expand and clarify the events of those years in which she knew Du Bois first as a friend and mentor, and then as her husband. Though personal, there are no intimate revelations, the book being as permeated with respect as affection. Thirteen-year-old Shirley Graham had been awed at the prospect of having the great man visit her home, was thrilled when he invited her to a convention while she was teaching in Nashville, grateful as a young widow when he became her friend. Of particular interest are the facts about the visits to Russia and China, the decision to go to Ghana to work on the *Encyclopedia Africana*, and the busy, fertile last years of the protean WEB. For young adults.



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## "Law and Order"

*Continued from page 25*

Many will be pleased, especially in this country, by a concession Ollier makes to our traditional reading habits: he adheres to a recognizable story line. The setting for *Law and Order* is a North African seaport toward the end of French colonial rule, and the character through whom events are perceived is a minor government functionary. During the period covered (five to eight P.M. on a summer evening) he remains alone in his room, trapped and threatened—or so he believes—by two former policemen now working for a secret right-wing organization. Through a series of flashbacks, not chronological but easily placed in time, we learn the background of his present situation. He has uncovered a torture chamber that is operated by the police with the assistance of the clandestine faction; army and police officials are embarrassed by the discovery; to prevent public disclosure of the atrocities, the two thugs shadowing the bureaucrat plan to dispose of him at an opportune moment or at least to intimidate him.

Are the threats real or imaginary? Will the nameless character reveal what he knows, or will he be cowed into silence? The mood of the entire book is tentative; no solution is offered, for each reader must grapple with the puzzle himself and develop his own interpretation. The hesitation or alternation between two psychological states is conveyed only partially through the story as summarized. The author also uses verb tenses—mainly present and past—to suggest the ambiguity. The present corresponds to moments of intense emotion, when fear predominates; the past to a more rational (but not necessarily more accurate) view of the situation. For example, after a flashback concerning events of the previous day told in the emotional present (the frightened protagonist thought that "they" were coming up to get him), Mr. Ollier switches to the rational past: "But it was only a trick." Similarly the story is narrated in the third person when the author is portraying the character's terror, and told in the first person when he is in control of himself.

Most interesting, however, are the textual developments and transformations that take place. To appreciate what happens on this level, one should closely reread the story, for words and phrases from the opening section reappear at strategic intervals. In the original French the initial paragraph furnishes key motifs for two focal segments of the text: "The sudden vast glistening brightness . . ." and "Raw, intense, blinding light . . ."—the first a textual correlative of fear; the second, of scandal. The reader should also note the gradual metamorphoses of a second series, which begins with "The lighthouse illuminated the room . . ."; here beams of light alternate with darkness in a metaphor of the fiction's own alternating motion. The effect in English will not be as striking as in French, for the translation, while usually good, is sloppy in places: *chandelier* is translated both as "candlestick" and as "chandelier," *très vite* as "hurriedly" and as "rapidly," *scintiller* as "sparkle," and *scintillante* either as "glistening" or "glittering"—this in a text where not only individual words but also word stems are extremely significant.

The firm of Red Dust deserves our gratitude for having introduced to American readers such outstanding French writers as Philippe Sollers in 1970 and Claude Ollier this year. I hope they will continue their series of new French writing, for there is much of value being published in France that still needs to be translated.

*Leon S. Roudiez is a professor of contemporary French literature at Columbia University.*

### WIT TWISTER #231

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

*The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.*

To magazines that serve up earthy mirth,

This raconteur _ _ _ _ _ _ _ his tales risqué.

A _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _, he calculates their worth:

The _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ his tale, the more his pay.

—A. S.

*(Answer on page 52)*

**ALI & NINO**

**by Kurban Said**
**translated from the German**
**by Jenia Graman**

Random House, 237 pp., $5.95

*Reviewed by Joseph Hitrec*

■ This novel has been evolving as a modest cult of the kind that is said to lift publishing above the marketplace. Originally its author was a mystery even to Random House; Kurban Said appeared to be a pseudonym. New intelligence has plausibly identified him as Yusif Vezir, or Y. V. Cemenzemenli, the pen name he used in his native Azerbaijan prior to his disappearance in the Stalinist purge of the Thirties. Taking refuge in Vienna, he wrote this book, which was originally published there in 1937. Shortly thereafter Vezir fled the Nazi regime—this time to Italy, where he died. Not until a Berlin artist, Jenia Graman, discovered and translated the nearly forgotten German edition, did *Ali & Nino* reappear in English. One hopes that additional novels and stories by Vezir may soon be translated to satisfy American devotees.

This would be pleasant for a number of reasons, especially if they possess the exotic grace of *Ali & Nino*, a love story both fresh and ancient, which mingles the iridescence of a Persian tale with intimations of a subtler ambivalence that recalls tales of the same Caucasus by Pushkin, Lermontov, and Tolstoy.

Ali is the heir of a noble Tartar family, Moslems who for centuries have rubbed elbows with the larger Christian community of Georgia, that hybrid area between the Caspian and Black seas where Europe and Asia have traditionally overlapped. The story, basically Ali's, spans his growth from student days in a tsarist Russian school of Baku to young manhood and marriage. An apple-cheeked romance with Nino, a lovely Christian girl of the landed Georgian gentry, must soon contend with more problems than a bride and groom can fairly be asked to face, stemming from incompatible cultures, religions, and hereditary prejudice. While Russia and Turkey are battling for Georgia—with the Baku oilfields as prize—the puny Islamic Azerbaijan proclaims its independence.

Although the Europeanized Nino makes a brave attempt to blend into the Shiite tradition of her husband that treats women as invisible, such a gesture can be only a symbol at best—luminous but fleeting. In Ali's own terms, she is a creature of the soft forest of Europe, he a lion of Asia's



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deserts. Their era has not yet devised a way of fusing the two. In the turmoil and shifting loyalties of a world war, each is inexorably forced to express his separate identity. Ironically, it is Lenin, the prophet of a homogenized one-world, who speeds up the inevitable by sending the Red Army to annex Azerbaijan, and so terminates the shimmery but fragile dream of Ali and Nino.

Like his subject matter, Vezir's prose style is a refraction of two continents. The author maintains a delicate balance between the artful oriental narrative of bright surface and flutelike story line and the more complex Western impulse that feeds on the private dimensions of character. Vezir's imagery is chaste, drawn from the natural world, and he has mastered the swift, incisive sentence that makes its points without inflation. He can sharpen an episode into a cameo of incongruity or pathos that commands belief regardless of alien setting and distant historical reference. If Vezir fails to probe the intimate texture of psychology and temperament, to explore the nuances beneath overt motivation, one is aware that analysis often shatters enchantment. Since enchantment is the characteristic element of Vezir, accepting him on his own terms can only result in pleasure.

*Joseph Hitrec is a prize-winning novelist and short-story writer.*

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**ICONOGRAPHS**

**by May Swenson**

Scribners, 88 pp., $4.95

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*Reviewed by Robert Pack*

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■ I take it that the goal of experimentation is to find something: experimentation is not an end in itself. If a poet invents new forms or breaks down old ones, he still must be judged by familiar criteria: Do his words have the thrust to move the reader in fresh ways? Do they have the power to inspire speculation and meditation? May Swenson is experimental in the sense that she has found patterns of speech that allow her to distinguish her own voice from the chaos of today's political rhetoric and from the mere formlessness of most contemporary poetry (which is rationalized, of course, in the name of freedom). The freedom May Swenson earns is that of making hard, not easy, choices.

*Iconographs* is a book of remarkable wittiness, not only because Miss Swenson's poems amuse and delight, but also because they possess her unique kind of inventiveness. Her typo-

logical tricks are not gimmicks or a stylistic eccentricity that she relies on for the essential effect of the poem. Rather, they support the poem's verbal life, heightening sensations that are already there, imitating a meaning inherent in the words themselves. For example, in "How Everything Happens (Based on a study of the Wave)" regard how the eye and the mind of the reader perform the same game:

```
                                    happen.
                                 to
                              up
                        stacking
                    is
          something
When nothing is happening

When it happens
      something
                pulls
                    back
                        not
                            to
                               happen.

When                        has happened.
   pulling back          stacking up
              happens

  has happened                    stacks up.
When it    something          nothing
              pulls back while

Then nothing is happening.

                                    happens.
                                and
                           forward
                       pushes
                    up
              stacks
  something
Then
```

There is a range of voices within which May Swenson is comfortably herself, varying from the casual and the colloquial ("At the Army Surplus Store I bought an old field jacket") to the decorative and playful ("Later, a pale blue VW, running on poetry,/ weaves down Park Avenue, past yellow/ sprouts of forsythia, which, due to dog-do/ and dew, are doing nicely . . .") to the grim, an effect achieved by selecting an unlikely persona, as in the poem "Bleeding" ("Stop bleeding said the knife./ I would if I could said the cut"). But for the most part her voice is conversational, informed often by metaphors of current scientific knowledge or the reading of the daily newspaper. Yet Miss Swenson's meditations and her talk are almost always grounded in or linked to precise and careful observation. She has a marvelous eye for the ordinary and the giveaway detail.

Nearly all of the poems in this book are interesting in one way or another: for their verbal play, for their clear images, for their intelligence. But the best are gripping because of their compassion. Such a poem is "Feel Me," which recalls the mysterious words spoken by the poet's father on his deathbed: "Feel me to do right, our father said." In the exploration of the possible meanings of these words, there emerge both an idea of "right" and a powerful feeling that describes the relationship between father and daughter, between "feeling" in a tactile sense and in an emotional sense.

May Swenson's iconographs are experiments that find true poems.

*Robert Pack, who teaches at Middlebury College, Vermont, is a former Fulbright Fellow. His books of poetry include "Guarded by Women" and "Home from the Cemetery."*



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# Booked for Travel

*David Butwin*

## A Place to Cool It

REYKJAVIK.

ANY COUNTRY that prohibits boxing and bans dogs in four or five of its cities can't be all bad. I refer to Iceland, an island nation in the North Atlantic so frequently tagged with clichés, misrepresentations, and downright untruths that even the name itself conveys a falsehood of sorts. It was a ninth-century visitor, a Norse Viking, who after spending the winter there climbed a mountain, looked down on a fjord still clogged with ice from a lingering winter, and took back the new name to Norway. In fact only an eighth of Iceland's varied and often dazzling terrain is covered by ice, and although its winter winds are enough to make an Icelander shudder even in the high light of summer, the truth is that snow fell in the capital city, Reykjavík, only five times last winter. Greenland (to the northwest) might have been a better name.

At dinner in Reykjavík on a recent evening, I overheard an American girl telling a friend she was glad to have stopped for a day in Iceland en route to Europe but that after seeing a few hot springs and beholding an outpouring of the Great Geyser, she was more than ready to move on. I began to tell her what she had missed, but it obviously wasn't going to sway her. Iceland, as much as any country, is what you make of it. And she was already adrift in the French countryside.

Three-fourths of the passengers who set foot on Iceland merely stretch their legs before getting back on the Icelandic (or Loftleidir in the native tongue) DC-8 jet and proceeding to the dumping ground in Luxembourg. The airport at Keflavík, on a southwest claw of Iceland thirty miles from Reykjavík, lies on such crusty, lifeless ground that people are quick to believe—as many written reports have it—that the whole country looks like a slice of the moon. In truth Neil Armstrong and his friends were once dispatched to Iceland for a brief training period, but no doubt they were as surprised as I to find green-tinged mountains, flowering moors, and grassy riverbanks on an island better known for its fire and ice.

For a few months this summer, Icelandic surrendered its reputation as the "hippie airline," bigger transatlantic carriers taking away much of its business by offering fares to students and other young people far lower than Icelandic's traditionally alluring rates. Travelers over thirty, however, still found Icelandic the cheapest way to Europe (except for charters), and indeed my flight in mid-July was crammed 250 strong with aging hippies. Then on August 1, Icelandic won back some kids with a new $185 youth fare ($165 in the low season from September 1 to May 31), which undercuts the others by $15 to $35. Because Icelandic doesn't belong to the octopus-like cartel known as the International Air Transport Association, it has been free to establish its own fares and other amenities. The remarkably resilient stewardesses seem to spend hours in the narrow aisle pouring wine and cognac, bonuses that IATA carriers may not hand out.

Still, I was ready to get off at Keflavík five hours out of New York and pick up the odyssey another day. Icelandic has set up tours of the country for one, two, and three days, although if you hope to see much more than the southwest corner of a land larger than Ireland you would require weeks, a sturdy car, and a ton of patience. For about $25 a day you get three meals, a room in the Hôtel Loftleidir, transportation to and from the airport, and a choice of bus tours—altogether a fair deal and one even an independent traveler can live with. Doubtless an advantage I reaped was the luck of getting a guide who not only knew his lessons but had a way of delivering them without putting his passengers to sleep—a considerable task given the drowsy, disoriented state of most arriving tourists.

Kristjan Arngrimsson is the name, though he prefers to call himself "the chief Eskimo"—a reference to the erroneous belief in some quarters that Iceland is a country of igloos and Eskimos. Actually, there are neither. The land was settled more than a thousand years ago by Vikings up from Norway who brought along some Scottish and Irish slaves, accounting for the traces of dark and impish features in a people otherwise fair and blond. Kristjan, endowed with the mischief of a leprechaun, stresses the low, throaty, rumbling-r tones of the Icelandic language, bringing to mind a combination Viking warrior and Irish pub-sitter.

He speaks better English, of course, than most of his 200,000 countrymen do, but the outsider doesn't find it hard to make himself understood around Reykjavík—this in spite of the thoroughgoing and jealous way the Icelanders have protected their own language through a millennium. Although influenced along the way by Celtic and Latin and then later by German, Danish, and other languages, Icelandic remains basically the same tongue the Vikings spoke, the same language Icelandic writers put down in sagas seven and eight centuries ago. Most languages, as Kristjan observed on our rounds of the city, tend to absorb foreign words as they come into use. But in Iceland a telephone is a *sími*, a jet is a *thota*. Icelandic, for its part, has given the English dictionary at least two words—geyser and saga.

One doubts that the Icelanders have a word for pollution. Reykjavík, a harbor city of white stone houses with red and green roofs, has recently awakened to the presence of smokestacks at an asphalt plant and fish-meal factory, but otherwise the skyline looks sharp and unblemished, particularly on a sunny July afternoon with a soft breeze in the air. Homes are heated by natural steam piped up from deep wells and hot springs outside of town. And nowhere are there signs of errant dogs.

"Dogs have not been allowed in the

**The Reykjavík skyline—"awakened to the presence of smokestacks."**
*—Carlen/Icelandic Airlines*

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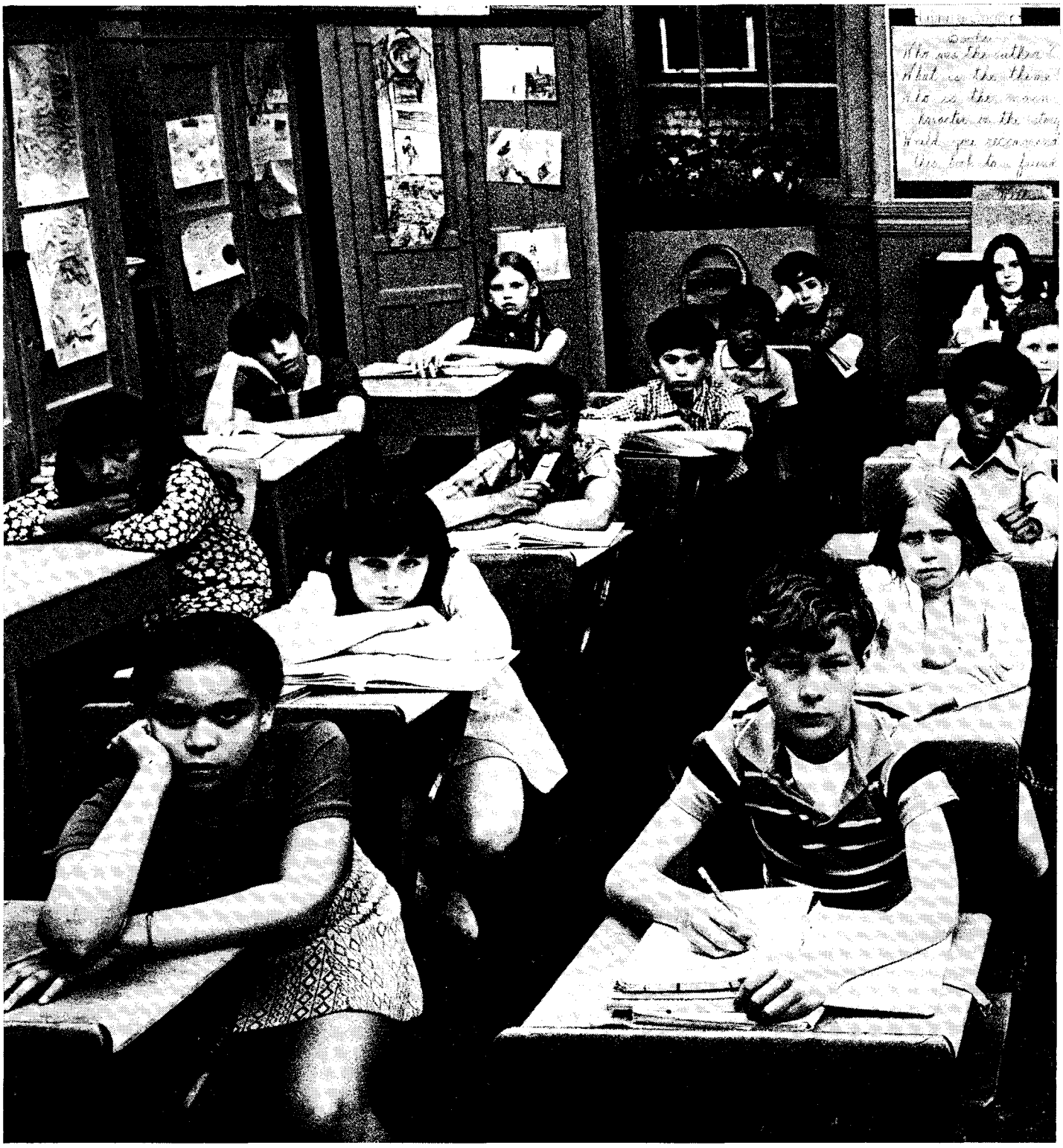

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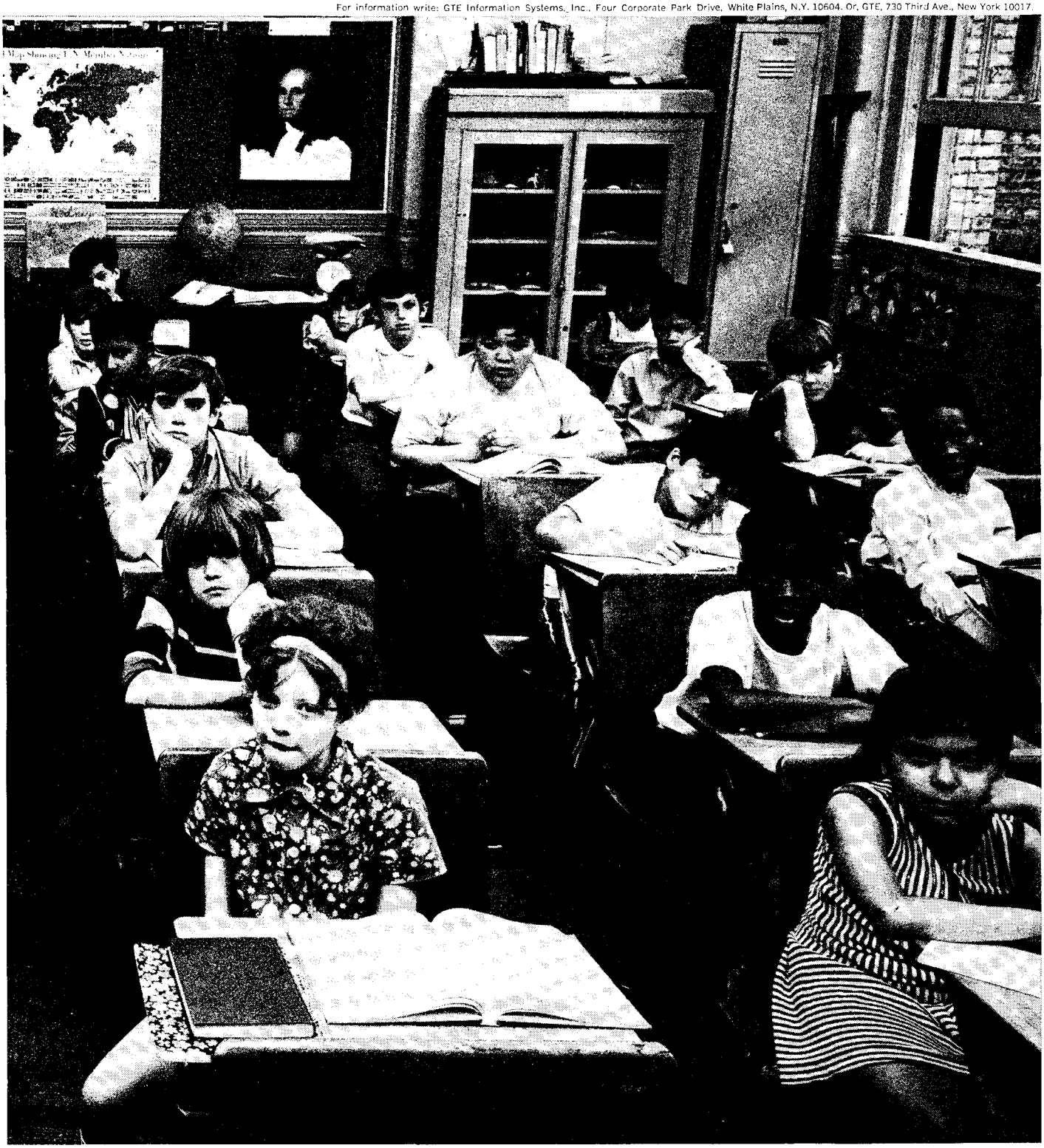

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city for many years," Kristjan said. "We consider them unclean, unsanitary, and disease carriers, but personally I like to think the law stems from our kindness to animals: Dogs would not feel at home in Iceland, because there are no trees."

Though Iceland is often noted for its treeless landscape, the government has lately undertaken to plant a million trees a year, a program that seems to have brought out the arboriculturist in many of its citizens. An Icelander led me through the yard of his summer home one afternoon, pointing to dozens of seedlings as though he were showing off a newborn child.

Icelanders, like the Finns and other northern residents, hold onto each summer day until exhaustion—or inebriation—sends them to bed. There are two large outdoor swimming pools in Reykjavík heated by nearby thermal activity, and no matter what the weather, you will find people young and old splashing about. Our tour stopped at one of the pools, and when Kristjan saw the light in my eyes, he insisted I go for a swim and catch up with the group later. Before I could object, he had checked out a towel and a white bathing suit that looked like a Johnny Weissmuller loincloth, and then I was following the signs through the locker room, into the shower, and out to the pool. The air temperature was no more than sixty degrees, but the sun was out and people were lying around on inclined boards. If there is a national sport in Iceland, it is swimming, a required course for every young pupil. The ritual is to jump in the pool, have a swim, repair to a hot sort of sitz bath beside the pool, where people gather to joke and talk, then move on to a series of hot and cold outdoor showers, and start again.

Reykjavík's pools open at 7:30 in the morning, a fact to which I can attest because the next day I was in line at 7:25, accompanying a middle-aged friend who takes the cure four or five times a week. Waiting with us were mostly men his age, regulars who arrive fifteen minutes early to get caught up on gossip, pausing to put fingerfuls of snuff to their nostrils. "You have to realize how democratic this country is by going to a pool," my friend said. "It can be the President or a farmer, an old woman or a young girl, sitting in the hot bath beside you."

What he said also came home to me on the city tour when we stopped at the workshop of a seventy-seven-year-old sculptor named Ásmundur Sveinsson, who stood beside his angular stone, metal, and wood objects, taking snuff and talking to any visitor who could speak Icelandic, Swedish, or French, and nodding at those who didn't. In tennis shoes, blue sweater, and baggy dungarees, he looked more like a caretaker than one of Iceland's most prominent artists.

Iceland's egalitarian ways are also demonstrated every night in its bars and restaurants, where men and women gather to meet and everyone seems to have an equal chance. An American friend who smiles mysteriously every time the subject of Iceland comes up had warned me about a nocturnal system by which women, whether married, attached or otherwise, gravitate to bars and dance places and take the initiative in meeting men. Kristjan put down the theory as outlandish, but based on visits to the Loftleidir and Saga hotels, which together do the biggest weekend business in town, I would grade the mixing of men and women in Iceland the easiest and least self-conscious act I have seen in ages. Friday night characteristically belongs to the Loftleidir, Saturday to the Saga. Both places were teeming by my standards, but Icelanders assured me that the activity is accelerated during the long cold winters when people aren't out of town camping and fishing.

Icelanders seem unstoppable drinkers—unless they anticipate driving the same evening. Then they bow graciously to the stiff drunk-driving penalties and will take no more than a sip of Campari. You would think beer popular, but for some reason only a weak native brand is offered. Once a week, on Wednesday, the sale of drinks is banned in Iceland, providing a pre-weekend drying-out period.

If life in Iceland isn't beginning to sound unparalleled, then consider what the people eat, in addition to their staples of fish, boiled potatoes, and cucumbers. At the Loftleidir's noontime smorgasbord known as a *kalda bord*, or cold table, you can load up on salmon, herring, flat dark bread, and all the expected dishes, and then for that special once-in-a-lifetime treat there are squares of shark meat that have been pickled and aged in the earth (and, to quote an Icelandic friend, "smell like hell"), lamb testicles, and who knows what else.

After a meal, an Icelander will take a cup of coffee while holding sugar cubes in his mouth, like a Russian drinking tea. This is not hearsay, or a distortion culled from tourist literature. I watched the chief Eskimo himself do it, even ordered him to open his mouth so I could see the brown disintegrating cube on his tongue.

I tried it all myself, for no other reason than to divine the mind and soul of a farout, faraway people. I didn't succeed and you won't either, not in three days, but the effort may reward you. Perhaps the answer, if there is one, lies locked away in the sagas.


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# The Fine Arts

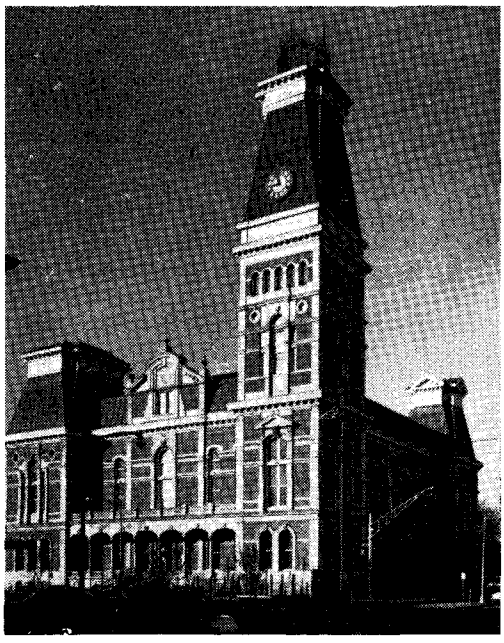
*Katharine Kuh*

## Discovering Columbus

COLUMBUS, Indiana (with a population of about 27,000), is commonly called "Athens of the Prairies," a corny misnomer for a town that boasts some of the most interesting modern architecture in the country. Were Columbus located in Europe, Americans would swarm over it in hordes. We can only be grateful that countless tourist buses, to say nothing of countless exhausted tourists, have not yet materialized for their usual hour's visit. As it is, some 10,000 Americans, possibly more, will enjoy Columbus this year on their own terms and in leisurely fashion. The Chamber of Commerce offers free guides and a helpful map.

Today it is not so much private individuals, educational institutions, or museums that act as the most stimulating patrons of art in America; it is big business. Banks, insurance companies, and industrial organizations are becoming increasingly responsible for outstanding architecture and for distinguished semi-public collections of paintings and sculpture. The impetus behind this munificence is varied. At times the aim is to humanize stark environments, to enrich nearby communities, and to expand the horizons of employees and clients. Then, too, there are publicity advantages that in a media-conscious age are scarcely bad business.

As a rule, corporate organizations, unlike museums, are not bound by cumbersome committees, money problems, and inner friction. Art specialists, when engaged by these institutions, are given freedom to operate intelligently and to use their knowledge advantageously. A minor problem sometimes results, however, from overdoses of esthetic paternalism. Nowhere has this danger been more scrupulously avoided and yet more unavoidably present than in Columbus. Precisely because the town is small and dominated by the Cummins Engine company and by this giant's farsighted board chairman, J. Irwin Miller, citizens of Columbus are torn between pride and a kind of tolerant resentment. For, though Mr. Miller, who heads the world's largest independent producer of diesel engines, obviously plays down his role as benefactor and initiator of a modern architectural program without equal in America, he is nonetheless the spark that lit the fire and keeps it going, not only with company and personal auxiliary funds when needed but even more with leadership, know-how, persistence, and a rare sensitivity.



**County courthouse—a "half-European, half-Midwest American presence."**

What then does Columbus offer that warrants a special visit? In the first place, there is probably no other small area in the world where the work of so many eminent modern architects can be considered in comfortable proximity. Buildings by Eliel and Eero Saarinen, I.M. Pei, John Carl Warnecke, Harry Weese, Edward Barnes, Kevin Roche, Eliot Noyes, and others are conceived in such intimate juxtaposition as to make comparisons inevitable. Which of these men, despite divergent projects, have succeeded in answering the needs of a particular community? How have they adapted themselves to the flat fertile prairies and the limited dimensions of an environment totally at odds with America's larger metropolitan centers? In Columbus the best buildings always seem to have been designed *"con amore,"* and hence contribute to the surroundings without condescension, for even the ugliest Midwest towns have an honesty that shames sham.

That, to be sure, is one of the charms of Columbus. It has not entirely succumbed to "good taste." Fine architecture from both the nineteenth and twentieth centuries lives side by side with execrable banalities. Each seems to belong, to "fit in." Columbus has not become a model city nor a dead Williamsburg reconstruction; it is a vigorous mélange, curiously American, alive, active, and ambivalent.

Memorable are three churches. The First Christian Church, designed by Eliel Saarinen and completed in 1942, represents a landmark, for this light-filled, lucid structure was the community's earliest encounter with noteworthy modern architecture. Here nothing was left to chance. The knowing interaction of space, texture, light, and form allows each element to play against its neighbor in sympathetic harmony. The church, envisioning religion as a positive rational force, is in direct contrast to Eero Saarinen's North Christian Church, one of the most moving religious buildings in this country. How to describe its mysterious interior and pure modest exterior is a challenge, for rarely has architecture been better married to landscape than in this low, brooding church with its triumphant linear spire piercing but not disturbing a wide horizon. Of it Saarinen said, "I want to solve [this design] so that as an architect when I face Saint Peter, I am able to say that out of the buildings I did during my lifetime, one of the best was this little church . . . that speaks forth to all Christians as a witness to their faith." He finished the design only days before his unexpected death.

Perhaps to make up for Columbus's lack of visual arts other than architecture, several designers have deliberately featured sculptural forms as functional elements in their buildings. For example, Eero Saarinen, working closely with the organ-maker Walter Holtkamp, turned organ pipes into a dynamic three-dimensional relief, while Harry Weese in his beautiful First Baptist Church perforated his brick choir screen with an abstract mural-like design of noble proportions. Even a newly opened newspaper building exploits in its windows bright yellow printing presses as living sculpture. The town's paper, *The Republic* (though not surprisingly once known as *The Republican*, for Hoosier land is eminently conservative), has recently moved into its new glass enclosed quarters, the first building in Columbus designed by Skidmore, Owings and Merrill.

The only sculptural monument that can compete with the town's architecture is in front of I.M. Pei's superb library. My first reaction was "No, not another Henry Moore discreetly decorating another American public building," but I was wrong. The *Large Arch* is a masterpiece growing organically out of the earth, yet so subtly oriented as to seem on the move, offering the viewer innumerable varying vistas. "As a young sculptor," Moore confessed, "I saw Stonehenge, and ever since I've wanted to do work that could be walked through and around," and he



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might have added, work that assumes infinite guises.

As for Pei's library, it is a handsome brick pavilion where space flows in an uninterrupted sequence and where outer courtyards both extend and control the building's dimensions. The structure may at present seem overlarge for the role it plays in a small community, but it has been so sensitively geared to its milieu that size never obtrudes. Not true, alas, of Columbus's fortress-like new post office, designed by John Dinkeloo and Kevin Roche, which frankly overpowers its surroundings with unnecessary pretensions. Somehow one feels this heavy colossus was conceived as if in a vacuum. Columbus and its human scale cease to exist.

However, Kevin Roche is now at work on what promises to be a radical departure in industrial architecture. He has planned a new factory for the Cummins Engine company where some thirteen acres of work space will be under roof and yet invisible to the surrounding countryside. Already partly up, this enormous structure is located several miles out of town amid farmland and trees. Because it has been sunk into the ground and designed around large open courts, the complex will not disturb its pleasant rural setting. At the same time several thousand employees will look out on an unspoiled natural environment.

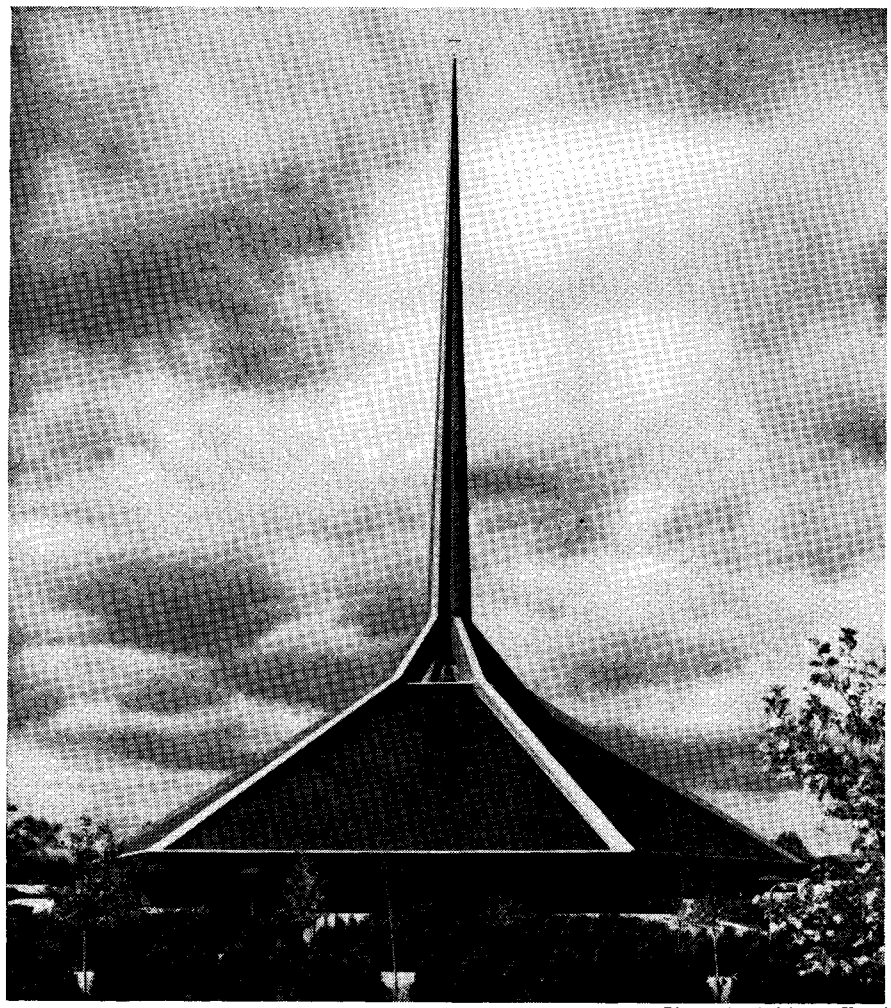
Of special importance in Columbus are several new experimental school buildings that in some instances have actually led to freer forms of education. In each case, the architect has tried to solve a specific problem. Take John Carl Warnecke's plan for a grade school situated in a large park. He conceived of the school in terms of separate pagoda-like cottages, providing each classroom with its own light-filled pavilion and its own immediate contact with the out-of-doors. Quite opposed is the downtown Lincoln Elementary School, where Gunnar Birkerts introduced a large multi-purpose gymnasium as the central core of the building, hoping thus to divert the children from playing in the streets. Surely the most controversial school and for that matter the most controversial building in Columbus is John Johansen's beramped, betunneled oddity that struck me as unnecessarily bizarre. I began to change my mind after reading letters in *The Republic* dedicated to the twenty-first century by a group of the school's fourth-graders. One child wrote:

> Hi, 21st Century. Do you want to know about our architecture? We have some very good architecture in Columbus.
>
> I am a fourth grader and go to a real unusual school. It is built on nine levels that are connected by tunnels and ramps rather than stairs. Our classroom is as large as two rooms because it has no dividing wall. This makes it easy for more children and teachers to share ideas.

Another Indiana child, mindful of the well-tended farms ringing his hometown, hoped that "in the twenty-first century we won't have any more wars. We don't have to fight for land, we can share it. Everybody deserves land." The more I read, the more this "real unusual school" of John Johansen's made sense. It may not be satisfying for adults, but it works for children.

Columbus, now 150 years old, is, whenever possible, preserving its nineteenth-century past, the best example of which is unquestionably the county courthouse. Last May *The Republic* noted: "Today the courthouse stands much the same as it was on its completion ninety-seven years ago." Though renovated several times since then, it still retains its half-European, half-Midwest American presence. What's more, it looks like a courthouse and is successfully operating as one. But the restoration of Columbus's downtown store fronts in a bouquet of colors by Alexander Girard seemed a bit like gilding the lily. These Victorian facades scarcely need dressing up. To preserve them is enough.

The town is a maze of marvelous contradictions. A highly conservative community has backed and absorbed some of America's most advanced architecture. Old and new live together happily; so too do the commonplace and the extraordinary, the vulgar and the refined. A classic dichotomy is separated by only two blocks and forty-four years. It points up America's coming of age and the country's faith in itself as a creative force. First one should visit the now unoccupied shrine-like Irwin home and garden, the latter designed in 1910 after the Casa degli Innamorati of Pompeii. Nothing could be more deliberately alien to the sweeping prairies of Indiana than this absurdly beautiful imitation. Mr. Irwin, by the way, was co-founder of the Cummins Engine company and the great-uncle of J. Irwin Miller. Near his mansion is Eero Saarinen's Irwin Union Bank and Trust Company, a clean modern glass-sheathed structure that no longer imitates but initiates.



*—Photos by Balthazar Korab*

**Eero Saarinen's North Christian Church—"rarely has architecture been better married to landscape."**



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# TV-Radio

*Robert Lewis Shayon*

## Renewal Rangers

BROADCASTERS aren't happy about a new Lone Ranger who rides herd on the channels and frequencies when the time comes for stations to apply to the FCC for renewal of their licenses. He and his colleagues fight for law and order under the Communications Act and help bring justice to blacks, Mexican-Americans, and Indians living in cities where the needs and interests of minority groups have not been adequately dealt with by television and radio stations.

Douglas F. O'Connor went to school in Europe (Heidelberg), taught at Banks Street College, and set up student exchanges for the Afro-American Institute. Now, as a field representative for the Office of Communication, United Church of Christ (UCC), he may turn up in Youngstown, Ohio, one day; in Cairo, Illinois, the next; and in Boston the day after. He wears no mask, rides no white horse, and shoots no silver bullets. His power lies in helping citizen groups negotiate agreements with station owners by threatening to file petitions with the FCC to deny their renewals.

To accomplish this, the field representative and other members of the UCC team guide the minority groups in examining the programing and employment practices of local stations. The Ford Foundation has supported the Office of Communication in this activity since the latter won its landmark 1968 victory in the U.S. Court of Appeals, a victory that led to a powerful conglomerate's losing the license for its television station in Jackson, Mississippi. Mr. O'Connor has worked in fourteen cities so far—although coalitions in more than a hundred cities have asked the UCC for help. Like the Citizen Communications Center in Washington, D.C., and a few other public service law groups, the Office of Communication is swamped with opportunities but is understaffed and underfinanced.

In five of the cities in which O'Connor has worked, stations have signed agreements with citizen coalitions to open jobs (other than janitorial and clerical) to members of minority groups. They have also agreed to confront on the air public issues involving blacks, Chicanos, and Indians. In three cities, stations have chosen to risk the consequences of a petition to deny rather than sign agreements. One reason that stations do settle is that they know the Office of Communication, directed by Rev. Everett C. Parker, is committed to court action all the way to the Supreme Court if necessary. Washington lawyers, respectful of the UCC's dedication, sophistication, and clout, advise many licensees to negotiate and settle. Recently, in Texas, the UCC Lone Ranger operation won its most spectacular victory. Three television and two radio stations in the Dallas-Fort Worth area signed agreements with the local Coalition for the Free Flow of Information, an unusually frictionless and effective organization of twenty-three white, Mexican, black, and Indian citizen groups. Rev. George Brewer, a black Methodist, now heads the coalition, which was begun by a group of Southern Methodist University faculty members. Under the five agreements, a total of sixty jobs will be opened to blacks, Mexican-Americans, and Indians within three years. Twenty-five permanent jobs will be made available immediately. The settlements provide for on-job training and scholarship programs as well as expanded coverage of public issues vitally affecting minorities.

KDFW-TV, the CBS affiliate (owned by the Times-Mirror syndicate), held out to the last moment, but it came through with the best settlement. A full-time director for minority public affairs programs is to be hired; the proportion of minority employees is to be increased to 15 per cent; and the station undertakes to present nine to twelve half-hour documentaries annually, two-thirds of which will be devoted to issues relevant to and directly concerning the minority community. The coalition will engage in continuing dialogue with the stations. In telephone conversations, the station managers asserted that they have been moving in the same directions anyway, and that the agreements will only accelerate the tempo.

O'Connor commented that the original Lone Ranger brought outlaws to justice. "We're merely asking the industry to follow the letter of its own law and not just pay lip service to it." The former Heidelberg scholar is off again—this time to Bluefield, West Virginia, where a citizen coalition is shaping up to confront a single family, named Shott, that not only owns the TV station in town but "controls all aspects of area life—politics, finances, and communication." The United Church of Christ strikes again!



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The U.S. Office of Education reports that there are more than six million handicapped children in the country—those with mental, emotional, or physical handicaps who, in education parlance, are known as "exceptional children." This figure does not include the even larger number who have less severe handicaps but who still suffer from a variety of learning disabilities. In the course of the last decade or two the exceptional children, and to a lesser degree the learning disabled, have attracted increasing professional and public attention. State and federal funds have been made available in growing amounts to help local school districts initiate and maintain programs designed to help these children overcome their afflictions as fully as possible.

As exceptional children have increasingly become the focus of public and professional concern, however, their parents have largely been ignored. "The families of millions of American children with physical and/or mental disabilities," says clinical psychologist Lewis Klebanoff, "struggle with a surrealistic nightmare of anxiety, perplexity, and fatigue." Suddenly faced with a situation for which they are totally unprepared, but which profoundly affects their entire lives, these parents reach out for assistance, guidance, and advice. "They cry out for help," says Dr. Klebanoff, "and there is no help—or precious little." It is the rare and fortunate parent who, faced with the tragic reality of a seriously disabled child, finds the human understanding, professional aid, and practical guidance he needs.

But Dr. Klebanoff, who is director of the Massachusetts Department of Mental Health, and two colleagues, Dr. Stanley D. Klein and Dr. Maxwell J. Schleifer, both of the University of Massachusetts at Boston, have set out to change all that. In late June they started publication of a new magazine, *The Exceptional Parent*, which aims to provide "practical guidance for the parents of exceptional children."

The first issue of *The Exceptional Parent* lives up to its stated purpose. An extended interview with three parents of children with disabilities (a teen-aged retarded girl, an emotionally disturbed boy, and a teen-aged girl with cerebral palsy) is effective in letting other parents know that they are not alone. The autobiographical story of a quadriplegic who was able to become a writer after working out an ingenious way to use a typewriter proves that almost any disability can be surmounted. Two articles on how to evaluate "scientific breakthroughs" and "Public Transportation Training" offer practical, down-to-earth advice. And regular features are scheduled to answer parents' questions, offer advice on recreation for the disabled, and discuss the question "What physician when?" But the editors' professional stance is best conveyed by an editorial stating why they propose to use the term "disability" in preference to "handicap." They conclude:

> A child may have a disability, but whether or not he grows up to be handicapped depends on how his family, his neighbors, his teachers, and other professionals regard him and treat him. If he is overprotected and undereducated, if he is not allowed to take reasonable risks and become as self-sufficient and independent as possible, he may well become a handicapped adult.

Doctors Klebanoff, Klein, and Schleifer are to be applauded for their effort to provide badly needed help for the parents of exceptional children. Their initial effort promises exceedingly well. We wish them every success.

—J.C.

(The Exceptional Parent, *P.O. Box 101, Back Bay Annex, Boston, Massachusetts 02117, is published six times a year; introductory price, $10.)*



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# WHO RAISES RUSSIA'S CHILDREN?

In Soviet society, as in the United States, preschooling and the changing nature of the family raise serious questions about caring for the early childhood years.

by SUSAN JACOBY

—*Joseph Nettis, FPG*



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*The management undoubtedly knows that I have two children. But no one has ever totaled up the number of days I stay home from work when they are sick. . . . I worry about the children and about my work. . . . Doctors write in the certificate: "acute inflammation of the bronchial tubes." The doctors are in a hurry. I am also in a hurry, and we take the children back to kindergarten before they are completely well. . . .*

*There are twenty-eight children in their group, and the teacher does not have the strength to pay attention to everyone. . . . Who invented the norms? Probably people who do not have children themselves.*

—NATALYA BARANSKAYA,
"A Week Like Any Other,"
*Novy Mir.*

Natalya Baranskaya's fictionalized but totally realistic description of urban family life in the Soviet Union goes to the heart of one of the most serious problems in Russian society: how to provide for the physical, emotional, and educational needs of small children when both parents work outside the home. Published nearly eighteen months ago in the Soviet magazine *Novy Mir* ("New World"), the article aroused a continuing controversy in a country where the most troublesome issues of everyday life are usually drowned in self-congratulation by the government-controlled press. The extraordinary response from educators, sociologists, and ordinary parents—expressed both publicly and privately—suggests that the issues raised in the article are of intense concern at all levels of Soviet society.

Soviet public policy on the needs of preschool-age children is determined by a combination of practical and ideological factors. Nearly 80 per cent of Russian women between the ages of twenty and fifty-five hold jobs outside their homes; in a society in which most women work, it is obvious that a share of the responsibility for raising children must be shifted from the traditional family structure to public institutions. Ideologically, the Soviet government has always favored communal child rearing, for it encourages personality formation in conformity with the collectivist ideals the state wishes to instill in all its citizens. The converse proposition naturally suggests that communal upbringing tends to discourage the development of eccentric personalities who might not fit into Soviet society.

SUSAN JACOBY lived in Moscow with her husband from August 1969 to May 1971. She is on leave from the *Washington Post*, for which she covered education and urban affairs.

Nevertheless, the role of the Soviet government in caring for small children is not nearly as ubiquitous as some foreign observers have suggested. Americans have a particular tendency to exaggerate the influence of the state because of the obvious contrast between the well defined official Soviet policy on child rearing and the haphazard way in which such matters are left to resolve themselves in the United States.

Urie Bronfenbrenner, in his widely praised comparative study of American and Russian child rearing *Two Worlds of Childhood: U.S. and U.S.S.R.*, drew the contrast in sharp terms.

> Nor is the [Russian] family the sole or even the principal delegate of the society for the upbringing of children. Such primary responsibility is vested in still another structure, the children's collective, defined as "a group of children united in a common, goal-oriented activity and the communal organization of this activity." As we shall see, such collectives constitute the basic structural units in all Soviet programs designed for the care and education of children.
>
> The first difference, then, between the United States and the Soviet Union in the way in which children are socialized lies in the contrast between a family versus a collective-centered system of child rearing. . . .

Bronfenbrenner's general analysis is correct, but it fails to take into account the enormous gap between theory and practice that occurs in every society. The gap can be particularly wide in the Soviet Union because official cant is not subjected to the continual open challenges that occur in more democratic societies.

During my stay in the Soviet Union, I concluded that for modern Russians child rearing is both a complex and a controversial process. In many discussions with Russian acquaintances, the arguments have always revolved around two separate but closely related questions:

Can any institution adequately replace the family during the early years of a child's life?

How well do currently available institutions meet the physical and intellectual needs of children?

Nursery-kindergartens that would be considered total day-care centers in the United States are the basic units of preschool education in the Soviet Union. Often combined in the same building, they enroll children between the ages of two months and seven years. (Russian youngsters enter the first grade of elementary school at age seven.)

There is no sharp distinction between nursery and kindergarten programs, although children under three are considered to be of nursery age. The older children are generally cared for by staff members who have the most education.

The preschools provide complete care—meals, naps, outdoor exercise, and various types of supervised work and play—from the time parents leave for work in the morning until they pick their children up in the early evening.

Because the Soviet kindergarten is basically an instrument of collective upbringing and not merely a preparatory program for elementary school, its influence on the lives of children is far broader than that of the average American nursery school or kindergarten. The Russian preschool has more in common with Project Head Start than with the ordinary kindergartens attached to American public school systems. Nevertheless, simple statistics provide the first piece of evidence that the influence of collective institutions on Russian children is not as all-encompassing as Bronfenbrenner suggests.

Despite a significant expansion of preschool facilities during the past fifteen years, only about 10 per cent of Soviet children under age two and 20 per cent between ages three and seven are enrolled in nurseries or kindergartens. Even in big cities such as Moscow, where educational standards are higher than anywhere else in the Soviet Union, teachers have told me that nearly half of their pupils enter first grade with no kindergarten preparation. In rural areas, where, in both quality and quantity, educational facilities lag behind those in the cities, only a small minority of children is able to attend kindergarten for even a year.

The relatively low percentage of youngsters actually enrolled in preschool institutions—despite the government's long-range commitment to provide day care for every child—is attributable to a curious combination of ambivalent parental attitudes and a physical shortage of kindergarten places for older children. When working mothers with children enrolled in preschools were questioned in a 1969 survey on "Social Problems of Labor and Production," 66.6 per cent said they sent their children to nurseries or kindergartens simply because there was no *babushka* (grandmother) or suitable neighbor to care for them at home. Only 23.7 per cent of the women said they enrolled their children because the public kindergarten provided better "social upbringing."

There is a direct correlation between the age of a child and parental willingness to take advantage of state preschools. Moscow nurseries have empty places for babies and toddlers, but kindergartens cannot meet the demand



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for admission of children in the three-to-six age group. Parents who either dislike state kindergartens or are unable to enroll their children because of a shortage of classroom places continue to rely on the time-honored institution of the babushka.

Babushkas and other aging relatives play a far more important role in the lives of Russian children than their counterparts play in the lives of American youngsters. The extended family has not yet disintegrated in Russia as it has in the United States. Three-generation households are still common because of the severe housing shortage in Russian cities. Soviet family members also tend to be less scattered geographically than Americans because of administrative restrictions that limit population mobility.

Despite deeply rooted Russian family traditions, however, the babushka may not survive as a viable alternative to state kindergartens. The Soviet government has placed a high priority on new housing construction to satisfy citizens' growing demand for privacy—a demand that is voiced by nearly all young married couples. While three-generation households will not be eliminated in the foreseeable future, they will become less common.

Also, middle-aged Soviet women born after the Bolshevik Revolution have far more education and work experience than their own mothers; they may simply refuse to sit home and take care of grandchildren. Says a doctor in her mid-forties: "I'll probably have grandchildren when I'm in my early fifties. Why should I stay home and do the unpaid work of taking care of them when I have my own profession?"

Thus, more and more Russian children will undoubtedly be enrolled in kindergartens despite the ambivalent attitudes of parents. But an increase in total enrollment does not necessarily mean that children will be turned over to government institutions at an earlier age. On the contrary, many Soviet experts believe the problems of preschool education can be solved only by providing more alternatives to state care for infants and toddlers while upgrading the quality of kindergarten programs for older children.

A Russian acquaintance who is both a teacher and a mother told me, "There is a growing recognition, because of the many empty places, that nurseries just aren't suitable for every child. I thought of my own son when I read 'A Week Like Any Other.' He caught so many diseases from other children in the nursery that I simply had to quit my job for two years, until he was stronger. Some children seem to be born healthy and others aren't. Some children can take being separated from their parents emotionally, others can't. I can't believe this is any different in America."

An educator with twenty years' experience says she believes preschool programs will be expanded so that every child will enter first grade with two or three years of kindergarten preparation. "But I don't foresee any great increase in the number of babies in state nurseries," she emphasized. "We have learned from experience that parents simply don't want to put babies in nurseries unless there is absolutely no alternative."

Soviet social scientists have proposed several alternatives to the present reliance on state kindergartens. Working women now receive eight weeks of paid maternity leave and are guaranteed their jobs back if they take a year's leave after the birth of a child. Sociologists have proposed extending the paid leave to a year and the general leave to two or three years. It has also been suggested that women receive the same salary as men for a shorter working day.

Most of these proposals focus on the freeing of women so that they can spend more time with their children—a fact that is significant in light of the loud official lip service paid to women's equality. The revolution that sent Russian women to work with men in offices and factories did not persuade men to share the responsibilities of raising children and running a home.

The Soviet press is filled with pompous exhortations to husbands to share "family burdens," but no one is surprised when the exhortations have no effect on male behavior.

Since raising children is still considered to be largely a woman's responsibility, Soviet women are more aware of and more concerned about the quality of the kindergartens their children attend than men are. In "A Week Like Any Other," the young mother is deeply troubled because her son has been unjustly punished, but she cannot spare the time off from work to visit the boy's teacher. Thus, the level of supervision, discipline, and general instruction in state kindergartens cannot easily be separated from the general question of whether any collective institution can care for a small child as well as the family. A mother who is willing, even eager, in principle, to send her child to a state preschool may have reservations about the quality of the program in a particular kindergarten.

Despite a degree of central government control that Americans would find unimaginable, the quality of kindergartens varies from region to region and even from neighborhood to neighborhood. One couple turned down the chance to move from a one-room into a two-room apartment simply because the kindergarten in their neighborhood had an outstanding director who had attracted an unusually competent teaching staff.

"We want our daughter to have a good start when she begins first grade," explained the mother, who worked as an engineer. "In the neighborhood where our new apartment would have been located, the kindergarten had just been opened and the teachers had very little experience. We just didn't think it was good enough."

Soviet authorities generally adhere to a "neighborhood school" concept in building both kindergartens and elementary schools. Some kindergartens are attached to factories, but the neighborhood concept often persists because workers' housing is located nearby. Russian neighborhoods are not as economically and socially homogeneous as American neighborhoods, but some residential areas are populated mainly by factory workers while others have a much higher proportion of white-collar professionals. Official pronouncements notwithstanding, the population mix in a neighborhood often does make a difference in school programs.

In Tbilisi, capital of the Soviet Republic of Georgia, I visited a cheerful nursery-kindergarten that was described by a local journalist as "one of the best in the city." Because the kindergarten was located near Tbilisi State University, children of faculty members accounted for a large percentage of the enrollment. The director was an energetic, enthusiastic woman in her early forties who embodied many of the best aspects of Soviet education. She seemed genuinely puzzled when I asked her for ideas on the problem of how to provide equal educational opportunity for the child of a scientist and the child of an unskilled worker.

Waving a manual of instructions from the Soviet Education Ministry, she replied: "All of our children are taught in the same way, according to carefully laid out principles. There is no difference in the way children respond to school; I worked in a factory neighborhood before I came to this nursery, and the children were exactly the same. Every child has the same chance, especially if he comes to the nursery when he is two or three years old."

A few minutes later, the same principal explained that older children in the kindergarten were learning introductory English. English in kindergartens was not part of the standard program, she said, but the parents had asked for it because "their own higher education has made them very aware of the importance of early foreign lan-



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guage teaching." She conceded that English had not been taught in the kindergarten where she had previously worked because the parents, most of them factory workers, "had not expressed an interest."

A foreign observer's impressions of Soviet preschools are naturally limited by the fact that officials show off only their best institutions to visitors. Every kindergarten I (and other foreigners) have visited was well equipped and staffed by teachers and aides who seemed both professionally competent and full of affection for children.

The less cheerful kindergartens, which cause parents considerable anxiety, are never seen by foreigners. A young student teacher once told me indignantly about the kindergarten in her neighborhood, which she said was staffed mainly by babushkas who had no idea of how to provide educational experiences for children.

Deviation from approved standards to the extent described by the student teacher is probably atypical in cities, but it is well documented in deprived rural areas. Andrei Amalrik, a young historian who has been sentenced to a labor camp for his writings criticizing the Soviet regime, described the poor quality of educational facilities on a collective farm in Siberia where he was required to work as an exile five years ago. In *Involuntary Journey to Siberia,* one of the books responsible for his present camp sentence, Amalrik wrote:

> The village had two institutions for children: a day nursery and a primary school. The nursery was for children of preschool age and was open only during the harvest. It was run by a children's nurse and a matron who also cooked for them. The matron that year was a little woman of fifty, Auntie Prosa, who before that had looked after calves—work which she much preferred to caring for children. However, she was on the whole a decent woman and never used bad language in front of her charges. The nurse was Polya, a hunch-backed woman of sixty who never stopped cursing the children in a thin, high-pitched voice.

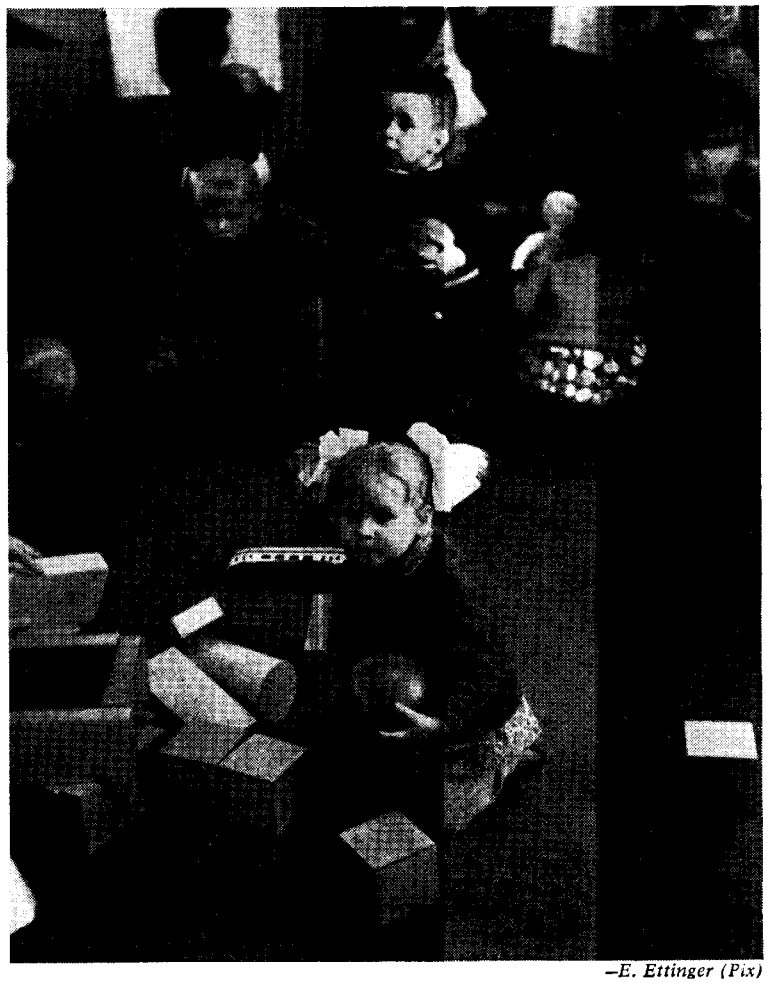
The official press, of course, does not criticize educational institutions in such frank terms, but it, too, provides ample evidence of educational deprivation that affects rural youngsters from their earliest years. Children whose families are least able to provide them with an adequate cultural background at home are often served by the poorest state kindergartens; the vicious cycle is comparable in many respects to American educational failures with children from economically and culturally impoverished families.

It is only fair to assume, however,

*(Continued on page 53)*

**The Soviet preschools provide complete care —meals, naps, outdoor exercise, and various types of work and play —during the hours the parents must be at work.**

*—Tass from Sovfoto*



*—E. Ettinger (Pix)*

*—Tass from Sovfoto*



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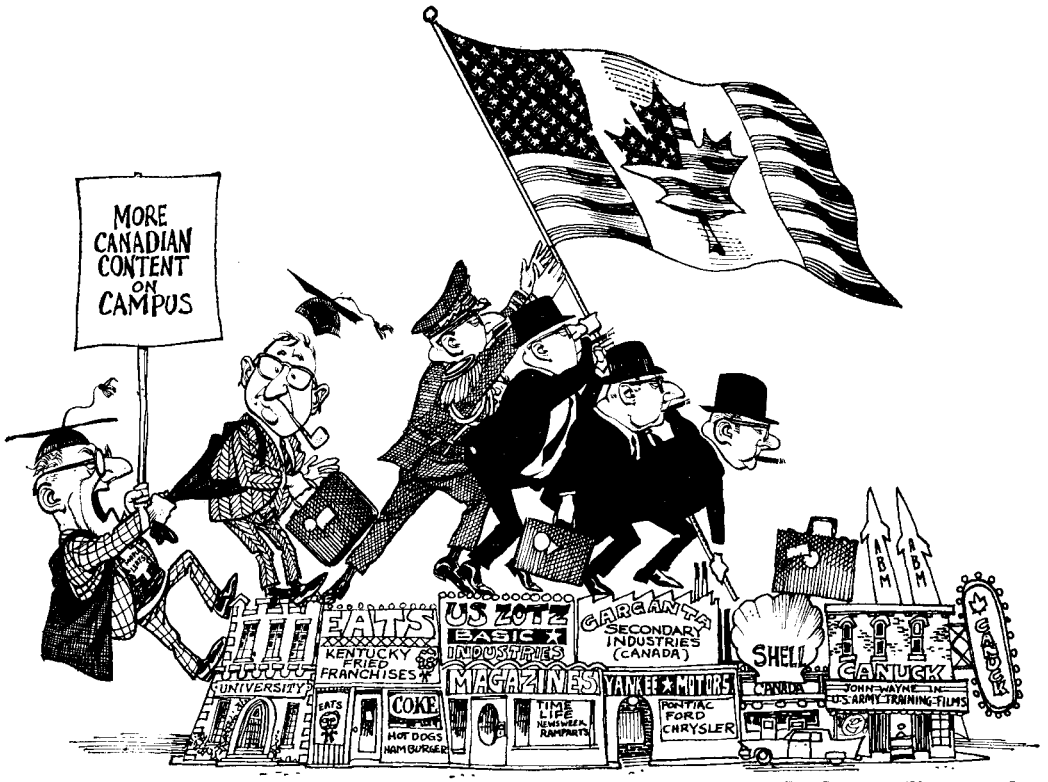


—Roy Peterson (Vancouver Sun)

**The vast American economic and cultural penetration of Canada has sparked widespread alarm. As this cartoon indicates, a resurgent nationalism is developing on Canadian campuses.**

# THE AMERICANIZATION OF CANADIAN UNIVERSITIES

by CLIVE COCKING

The attitude toward nationalism in Canada was, until recently, much like that toward sex. One never spoke of it because somehow there was something "shameful" about the subject. Certainly one never confessed that one had "feelings." There were always the impressionable young to think of; they might experiment indiscriminately. And only the wildest radical would dare publicly extol nationalism's pleasures, describe its new techniques, and (horrors!) advocate its widespread adoption.

No, Canadians prided themselves on their "internationalist" purity. Not for them the fervor of flag-waving and patriotic speeches. Nationalism (when the word was used) was rejected as an anachronism, "a primitive attachment to the land." Canadians, instead, claimed internationalism was the wave of the future and, particularly in the Fifties and early Sixties, tried to make that the national passion.

But, looking back, it's clear now that this was but a mask unconsciously donned to cover a great national inferiority complex. It was a sense of inferiority born of Canada's history of dependence, first on imperial Britain, later on the United States, for capital and technological expertise. A mental dependence had, in fact, developed, a tacit feeling that to get the best, one had to look to Britain or the United States.

Well, just as attitudes toward sex have undergone a revolution lately, so have attitudes toward nationalism in Canada. Indeed, the most significant feature of Canadian affairs today is the new wave of nationalism sweeping the country. The old colonial sense of inferiority is fading into history. In its place have emerged, out of the exuberance of Expo and the 1967 national centennial celebrations, a new national pride and self-confidence.

But there is another dimension to this resurgent nationalism: fear. Canadians are afraid, as they haven't been since the end of the American Civil War, of seeing their country absorbed by the United States. Only the threat today is not military but stems from the vast and increasing American economic and cultural penetration of Canada. It is primarily this fear that has given the new nationalism a momentum that seems destined to force important changes in Canadian society.

One area in which such change appears likely is in the universities. In recent years there has been a massive influx of American professors to teach in Canadian universities. Today, more than half the professors teaching in the universities are non-Canadians—and the majority of these are American. American professors now outnumber Canadians in a variety of departments —notably in the culturally sensitive humanities and social sciences—at many universities. This situation has sparked widespread alarm about the "Americanization of Canadian universities."

Over the past two years, this has become a source of growing controversy both on and off campus, the subject of questions in Parliament, student demonstrations, heated public discussions, and a profusion of polemical essays. The issue is so serious to Cana-

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CLIVE COCKING is a former reporter on university affairs for the *Vancouver Sun* and is presently editor of the *Chronicle*, the quarterly magazine of the University of British Columbia Alumni Association.



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dian novelist Hugh MacLennan *(The Watch That Ends the Night)* that he has declared that continuance of the influx constitutes "a program for national suicide." He is not alone in that view.

The issue has essentially split the academic community in Canada into two hotly contesting factions. On one side are the "nationalist" academics, a vociferous, loosely organized minority, who are demanding imposition of a series of citizenship restrictions on faculty appointments. On the other side are (for want of a better term) the "liberal" academics, the relatively silent, unorganized majority, who are determined that faculty will continue to be hired solely on the basis of academic competence. (These terms, "liberal" and "nationalist," are not entirely mutually exclusive; some beliefs are shared by faculty in both camps, but their priorities diverge.) With each day the struggle becomes increasingly bitter, as both sides believe the stakes are high: To the liberals it's the continued existence in Canada of the liberal concept of a university; to the nationalists it's nothing less than an independent Canada.

Alarm over "Americanization of Canadian universities" was first raised two years ago by two remarkably dissimilar English professors at Carleton University in Ottawa, Professor Robin Mathews, a slight, dark, volatile man, and his tall, reserved, very cerebral colleague, Dr. James Steele. Professor Mathews quips that "Jim Steele is the spiritual arm of the church and I'm the militant arm." This statement neatly describes the style of their leadership, which has since resulted in formation of a host of student-faculty committees to "de-Americanize" the universities.

Having had experiences that convinced them, in Mathews's words, that "Canadians are losing control of their cultural and intellectual life," they examined the university situation. From their research, they estimate (no definitive figures exist) that the percentage of foreign-born professors in Canadian universities had doubled from 25 per cent in 1961 to 51 per cent in 1968. And they point out that the influx of foreign professors, most of whom are American, is increasing. In 1962, they say, 52 per cent of all newly appointed faculty were non-Canadian, whereas in 1969, of 3,087 new faculty appointed, 2,398—or 77 per cent—were non-Canadian.

Mathews and Steele argue that the present situation clearly tends to discriminate against Canadian academics. In support of this, they point out that Canada now produces enough qualified people to fill most university posts and now many Ph.D.s are having difficulty

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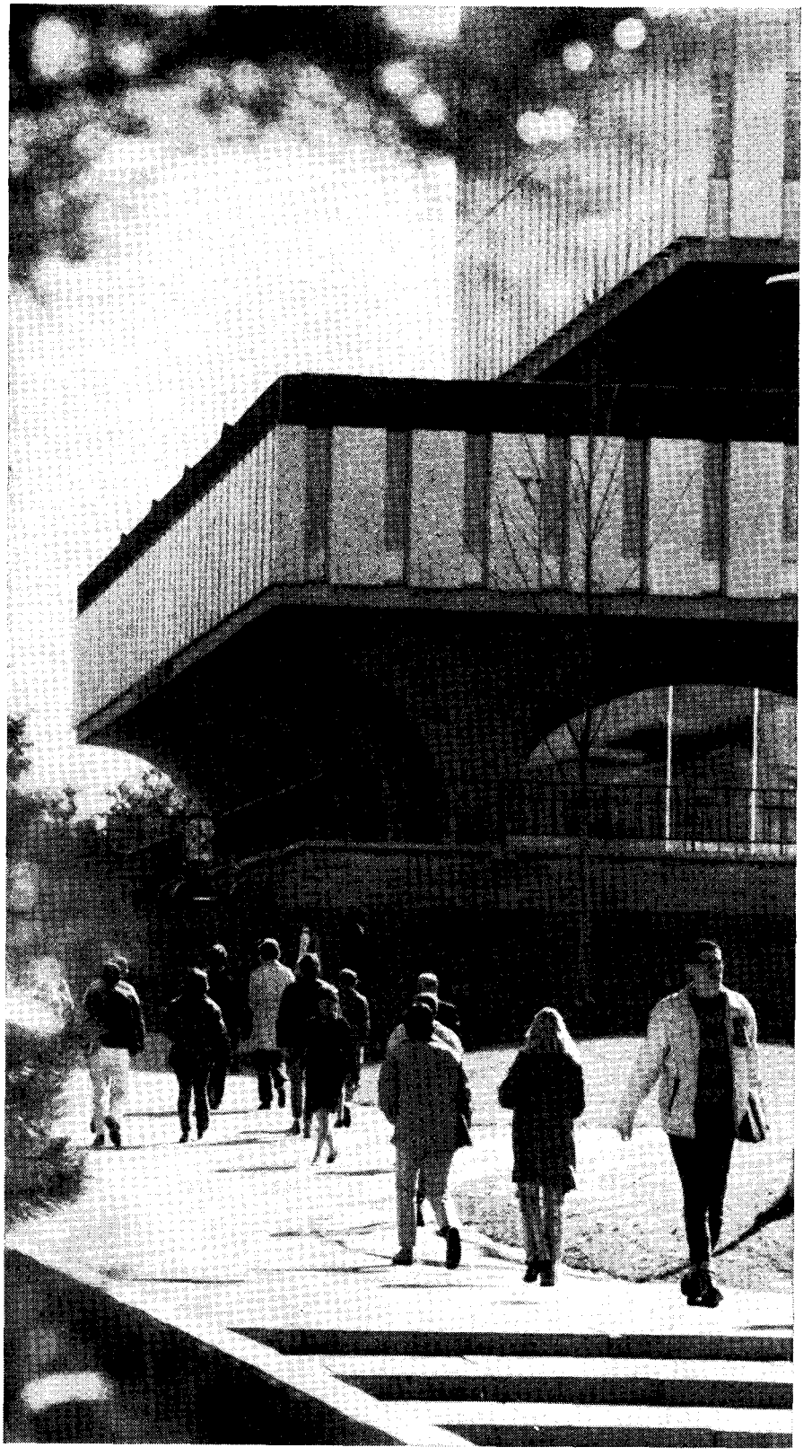

—University of Waterloo

*"The preponderance of American academics on Canadian campuses too often deprives students of insights into their own society. . . . Studies have shown that young Canadians often know more about the United States than about their own country, and they occasionally blur the distinction between the two."*



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# An Eye on Fourth Street

—*Brother Barney Sheridan*

**"The Fourth Street i," a magazine from Manhattan's Lower East Side, enables the middle-class world to glimpse . . .**

by SUSAN BOYER

Puerto Ricans, blacks, and scattered whites of Fourth Street on Manhattan's Lower East Side are publishing their own magazine, *The Fourth Street i.* Two issues have appeared within the past year and a half, and a third will be printed this fall. The people are largely Spanish-speaking, illiterate, and on welfare, and daily confront the clichés of ghetto life—rats, addicts, robberies, poverty, and loss of faith. On their block, bars shield the windows of P.S. 15, children open hydrants to get cool, young men with needle-point pupils and scarred arms scratch nervously, and stripped-down cars without seats, engines, or tires line the street. Everyone knows each other, for there is very little else to do.

These people, in a group effort, have collected their thoughts and ideas into a magazine, found sources of funding, and produced a vehicle that mirrors the way they feel about their block, the world, welfare, love, prejudice, alcohol, the war. *The Fourth Street i* contains poetry, personal interviews, photography, drawings, even recipes for chile and flan, and instructions for homemade lye soap. Those who can't write can dictate their ideas into a tape recorder. The articles appear unedited, often rough in language and spelling, but a growing sense of self-awareness, of individual power and struggle, comes through.

The first issue deals largely with a summer street drama production of *Black Orpheus,* one of the first creative efforts coordinated by the block. The second issue, subtitled "Operation Rainbow," includes contributions from some sixty people in the neighborhood, ranging from five-year-olds to grandparents and including addicts, welfare mothers, Vietnam veterans, a policeman, and a local band leader. Walking along the street with the magazine, people stop and ask how the next issue is coming. A slim girl, Beatrice, eagerly points out her three poems and one by her grandmother.

The driving force behind the magazine is a new-found sense of pride, a desire of the people to do something for themselves, and a wish to show that even behind the dirty exterior of the slums live people with talent and creativity. Fred Gonzales, eighteen, editor of "Operation Rainbow," writes:

> We have people with something in the way they look, the way they talk and the way they dress. With all of these things together, you get a sound, a certain expression, a beauty, something you don't get on Park Avenue. It's so real you can touch it, you can feel it, it's in the air. It's the big voice of the poor trying to climb higher till they're on top.

The editors of the magazine are high school teen-agers. Help and coordina-

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SUSAN BOYER is a member of the staff of *SR*'s education supplement.



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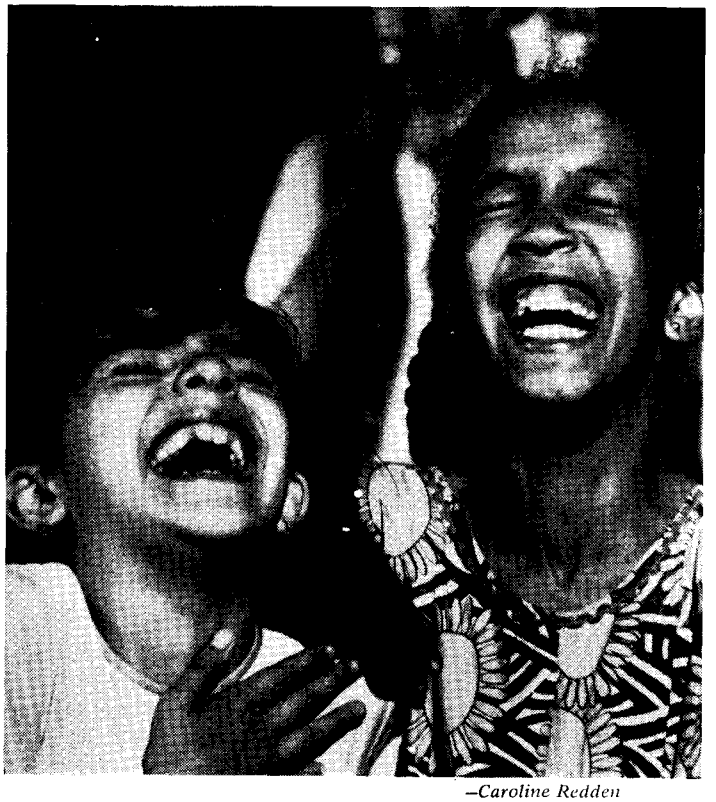
—Ramon Rojas



—Caroline Redden

**. . . life behind the slum exterior with its spring street festivals, flamenco dancing, talent, and laughter.**

tion is provided by Diane Churchill, part of "Brigade in Action" (136 Avenue C, New York, N.Y. 10009), a community action agency sponsored by the Office of Economic Opportunity. Production of the magazine is not always smooth. Money and equipment are scarce. Diane once found herself confronting the FBI because she had unknowingly bought a "hot" tape recorder off the street for a bargain price.

For the teen-agers putting out the issues, the magazine has acted as a catalyst, providing full opportunity for them to express themselves in words or graphics, talents that the school system had never fully tapped. The kids are vibrant and intelligent, but many are failing in traditional schools. For example, two years ago Fred Gonzales, struck by polio as a child, believed that he was hopelessly handicapped and was ready to quit school. Now Fred is active, working in the summer Neighborhood Youth Corps, and can handle responsibility as well as hold the respect of the community. Ramon Rojas, nineteen, has been drawing on his own since he was nine years old. Seeing his dazzling monsters in print has made him much more serious about his art. He will continue to study art while finishing high school and is developing plans for illustrating a children's book.

The two issues published so far are now being used in the neighborhood schools as supplementary reading. The aim is to build a collection of material describing Puerto Rican culture and ghetto life that can be used in schools across the country, providing minorities with subject matter emerging from their own lives.

The third issue, "The Stoop," to be published in early fall, will stress the special flavor of the Spanish-American community. A Haitian building superintendent, who plays Caribbean music nightly for the Jamaican Club in Greenwich Village, recalls his boyhood in Haiti and how he learned to send messages on drums. There are lengthy interviews with the city's only Puerto Rican principal and with the reformed block drunk, once known as Ding-Dong Bell, who is now working steadily at a hospital in Goldsboro, North Carolina. The issue also includes a section on education, on the twenty-four-hour, emergency day-care center started by a resident black couple who care for a dozen children, and on the free high school that the neighborhood plans to start for high school dropouts. Anything but bland, the fire and vitality of the Latin personality are revealed in these magazines, as in this poem by Eileen Cruz, twenty-one:

Real hate, real love . . .
No one can walk through these
Streets untouched. . . .
No mechanical robots that good,
Wholesome upbringing produces.
If you can't take reallife, people,
Stay away! It may make you
A nervous wreck!



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# Schools Make News

## Children's TV: Slow Learner

*An International Comparison of Children's Television Programing*, a survey released last month of children's television in sixteen countries, found that programing in the United States was far inferior to that of almost every other country studied. The survey, sponsored by the National Citizens Committee for Broadcasting, a nonprofit group that seeks to upgrade television, found that only the United States allows more commercials on children's programs than on adult evening television. Only four other countries permit advertising on their children's programs, and they allow it only for eight minutes per hour. Commercials on United States children's programs average twice that time, sixteen minutes per hour.

Moreover, America's children's shows are generally poor in content, relying heavily on cheaply produced cartoons, and are aimed at a general audience from two to twelve years old. Other countries, such as Britain, Austria, Japan, Australia, and West Germany, aim their programs at more specific age groups. The survey also found that the United States is the only major country that does not schedule weekday afternoon programs for children.

These criticisms were restated clearly last month in a petition to the Federal Communications Commission by Action for Children's Television (ACT), a national group of parents and professionals. ACT urged fourteen hours of children's shows a week, with two hours a day in the afternoon, no commercial interruptions, and programing for two specific age groups, six- to nine-year-olds and ten- to twelve-year-olds, as well as for preschool children. The petition also said that at least 50 per cent of the programs should be more than pure entertainment.

In response to the growing criticism, the National Broadcasting Company last month announced a new series of daily half-hour shows for three- to six-year-olds for 1972. The program, according to Julian Goodman, NBC's president, will seek to balance entertainment and educational material and will eliminate advertising breaks, providing two two-minute positions for ads or announcements at the beginning and end of the program. Although the NBC plan falls short of the recommendations proposed by ACT and the National Citizens Committee for Broadcasting, it is, nonetheless, a major step by a commercial network to provide quality children's programs.

NET's *Sesame Street* is thus far the only American program that matches in quality the programs of other countries, according to the international survey. The study hailed plans for a second show to be introduced this fall by the Children's Television Workshop, creators of *Sesame Street*. The new show, *The Electric Company*, is designed to teach certain critical reading skills to second-, third-, and fourth-graders. It "promises to be the most exciting event in children's television in the 1971-72 season," the survey said.

## The Parochial School Tangle

THE SUPREME COURT decisions early this summer declaring direct state aid to parochial schools unconstitutional have sparked a series of new lawsuits against states providing such aid and have sent "parochiaid" supporters seeking alternative plans that will pass the Court's scrutiny.

The Court—ruling in what Chief Justice Burger termed "this extraordinarily sensitive area of Constitutional law"—outlawed as violations of the First Amendment the ambitious programs of Rhode Island and Pennsylvania to aid elementary and secondary Catholic schools. In a decision handed down on the same day, however, it approved construction grants for secular buildings on the campuses of private colleges, including church-related colleges. Because the Court did not declare illegal all public aid to Catholic schools, extensive litigation will be required to determine which forms are admissible.

—*Hugh Rogers*

**Parochial schools—"institutional pluralism" vs. "excessive entanglement."**

In *Lemon v. Kurtzman*, the Court decided, 8-0, against the three-year-old Pennsylvania law that granted $20-million in cigarette taxes for "purchase of secular services," providing funds for private school teacher salaries, textbooks, and course materials for math, foreign languages, physical science, and physical education. In *Dicenso v. Robinson*, the Court ruled, 8-1, with Justice White dissenting, against the 1969 Rhode Island statute that paid a 15 per cent salary supplement for private school teachers. Both states had built complex safeguards into their programs to ensure that public money would be spent only for secular purposes. But the Court argued that these very restrictions, by involving the state in minute surveillance of religious education, fostered "excessive entanglement" between government and religion, and thereby violated the First Amendment.

The near unanimity of the Court dismayed many Catholic-school supporters. Bishop Joseph L. Bernardin, general secretary of the U.S. Catholic Conference, expressed "keen disappointment" in the decisions. Father Charles M. Whelan, a professor at Fordham Law School, analyzing the opinions in the Jesuit weekly *America*, concluded that the present character of the Court "means rough going in the immediate future for any governmental program, however designed, that provides substantial assistance." The Court, Father Whelan charged, is "undecided about how to deal with institutional pluralism." He declared that the decisions, based purely on Constitutional principles, will compound the educational problems confronting every state and jeopardize the future viability of private institutions.

The decisions come at a time when Catholic schools are in the worst financial position of their history. Expenses are rising rapidly because of the decreased supply of nuns and priests for staff. Nearly 2,000 schools have closed, and the number of children in parochial schools has dropped from 5.6 million (11 per cent of the nation's total elementary and secondary school enrollment) to 4.4 million (8 per cent) within the past six years. The schools' plight has turned some former opponents of public aid into firm advocates. President Nixon last year endorsed "parochiaid" when he warned Congress that if the Catholic schools closed it would cost taxpayers an additional $9-billion. One Pennsylvania legislator summed it up: "It costs us $850 to educate a child in the public schools,



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but we could keep a child in the Catholic schools for only $37 a year in state aid."

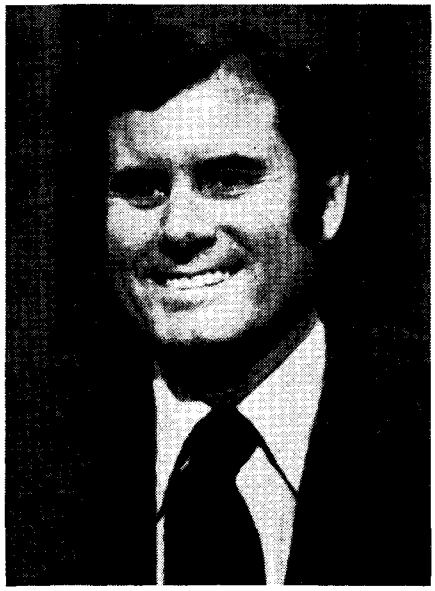
For these pragmatic reasons, thirty-six states have adopted varying plans to assist non-public schools, and it seems likely that state legislatures will continue to search for acceptable aid formulas, including vouchers, tax credits, "shared time" plans, and scholarship programs.

Opponents of parochial school aid, however, intend to press their case. They argue that the recent Court rulings were "extremely broad," prohibiting all aid to private schools except for textbook loans and busing. Last month, the Committee for Public Education and Religious Liberty (PEARL) filed suit against New York's new $33-million law to provide state aid on a per-pupil basis for "acceptable secular services," including teacher salaries, instructional materials, and administrative expenses. The American Jewish Congress and the American Civil Liberties Union, leaders in the successful Supreme Court fight, announced plans to file suits within the next month in four other states—Illinois, Minnesota, Ohio, and Vermont. These states have enacted aid plans ranging from vouchers and tax credits to "shared time" programs. Leo Pfeffer, special counsel for the Jewish group, who argued against the Rhode Island plan, said last month: "Regretfully, we expect that legislatures will continue to enact aid to parochial schools. The Supreme Court decision is not the end of the struggle but the beginning."

## Whatever Happened to VISTA?

ACTION, the administration's controversial new agency that consolidates federal volunteer programs—including the Peace Corps and VISTA, a merger heatedly debated last spring—officially opened July 1 and announced plans for a new "University Year for ACTION" in which students can work in community antipoverty programs for academic credit. Eight universities, including the universities of Nebraska and Massachusetts, are expected to participate in September, and five more by February, involving some 1,000 students.

Until the final decision in June, the Peace Corps-VISTA merger was angrily opposed by VISTA workers, who charged that the administration was seeking to "lower the noise level" of the 4,300 volunteers who live and work among the poor on a poverty-level allowance and attempt to organize community groups to demand improved services. A recent government report by Pennsylvania State University Professor David Gottlieb said that VISTA had sharply radicalized one-third of its volunteers and moved most others toward a "more left" social and political position. The report "VISTA and Its Volunteers" found that 48 per cent of the former workers under thirty were "suspicious" of all "government-sponsored social change programs."



**Joseph P. Blatchford, acting director of ACTION—new plans for poverty.**

Joseph P. Blatchford, former director of the Peace Corps and now acting director of ACTION, said last month that the individual programs in ACTION would retain their integrity and identity. To protect VISTA from downgrading, Senator Jacob Javits in May secured a promise from Budget Director George P. Shultz that VISTA would have its own associate director in ACTION and that much of the extra $20-million allotted to the new agency for innovative projects would go to the domestic war on poverty. The "University Year for ACTION" is conceived as such a program.

The universities will take on a role similar to that of Peace Corps country directors, selecting, training, and placing their students in programs under faculty supervision. Student volunteers will receive a subsistence allowance from ACTION, estimated at $5,000 a year. Programs will deal with a range of urban and rural problems with emphasis on health, housing for the poor, minority business development, and high school equivalency education for low-income adults. "It is time," said Blatchford, "to rethink the four-year higher education lockstep and make room for a year away—not in Europe absorbing culture, not work-study, but giving service." In the future, Blatchford also hopes to mobilize youth by initiating an ROTC-type training program in colleges for a skilled civilian corps working in health, ecology, drug-abuse centers, and prisons.

ACTION combines the Peace Corps, VISTA, and five smaller volunteer agencies for businessmen and the elderly, such as Foster Grandparents, Active Corps of Executives, and the Retired Senior Volunteer Program. The volunteer agencies were gleaned from four federal departments as part of Nixon's drive to reorganize and streamline government.

## To Be Black and Equal

BLACK STATE colleges are in "imminent danger" of losing their identity through integration, merger, reduced quality, or outright abolition, according to a recent report by the Race Relations Information Center (RRIC). The report, *Black Public Colleges: Integration and Disintegration*, declares, "There is practically nothing to indicate that any of the states is committed to a guarantee of actual equality for any black college or university. . . . The prevailing pattern is one of racially separate and qualitatively unequal higher education."

White state legislatures have neglected black colleges as much in recent years as they had in the past, according to the report. Moreover, rather than expand the funding and facilities of an existing black institution, they have, in seven cases in the last four or five years, created a competing white institution in the same town or city. While these practices perpetuate the wasteful duplication and inequities of the old dual system, integration or merger often proves to be as inequitable, submerging the history, traditions, sometimes even the name, of the black institution.

The choice, concludes the report, is loss of identity through integration or loss of quality through neglect. "The only alternative [these colleges] don't have—and never have had—is to be black and equal." (The report is available for $2 from RRIC, P.O. Box 6156, Nashville, Tennessee 37212.)

## Notes

• The Maryland State Board of Education last month abolished the four-year high school attendance requirement, allowing students to graduate in three years. Students can take required courses in the summer to graduate early or can attend school part-time while working.

• The University of Miami School of Medicine last month launched a new program to retrain as medical doctors Ph.D. scientists who are presently in overcrowded fields. The program, which condenses long medical training into two years, hopes to help alleviate the shortage of health manpower.



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# Helping Teachers Change

**WHAT DO I DO MONDAY?**

**by John Holt**

E. P. Dutton, 318 pp., $6.95

*Reviewed by Lillian Weber*

■ I am always prepared to take friendly issue when I hear John Holt speak or when I read his brief statements in the *New Schools Exchange* or his frequent letters to editors—friendly because Holt says so much with which I agree, so much that is perceptive and a contribution. But in the same breath, I almost always take issue because his contribution is insufficient aid to the many, many teachers who work in the public schools. Of course, Holt's focus is very seldom on the public schools. He has no analysis of organizational possibilities for change. To the extent that he analyzes schooling as separated from life, he is depressed, and more and more he moves—in extempore statements—away from the "free" schools and toward the position of no schooling.

But Holt does try to help individual teachers. He tries to give them a view of the learning process that will lead them to change their relationship toward the learning child. He turns the learning process inside out—to present so intimate a view of his own personal learning that the teacher will be drawn into empathy, into verification through similar self-examination, and finally into acknowledgment of the undeniable truth of what he describes. It is a personal picture that he draws, and it is a personal response that he wants to evoke.

But he centers his attention only on the internal process of change, giving teachers no clues that would help them alter the environment in which they must function. Does he think the problems posed by the organizational setting are irrelevant? He gives teachers little or no advice for dealing with them—either in the classroom or in the wider context of the school. By focusing on personal development, he ignores the question of whether change in individuals—one by one—is effective in changing schools.

All this is true of Holt's book *What Do I Do Monday?*, but the issue I take with Holt, at least in this book, is small. So much of the book is useful, and it is a book written to be useful. It is not addressed to the total changers, the free schoolers. Holt addresses himself to "the kinds of schools most children go to and most teachers teach in—fixed curriculums, regularly scheduled classes, and the like." He says, "There are thousands who, with no risk at all, could do much more innovating or freeing up in their classrooms than they have ever tried to do." Knowing the child is first in importance, he advises teachers:

> See as much as you can of children in places other than schools. Spend as much time as you can in situations where you are not a wielder of authority; if you don't quite know a lot about children before you meet them in the classroom, you won't learn much about them there. In most classrooms as they are, and even if the children are being relatively honest with you and not playing con games, what you see will only be a very narrow part of their whole range of behavior.

Holt spreads before the teacher a host of ideas on curriculum, as personal and individual as his analysis of the process of learning. He tries to startle; he presents anomalies, discrepancies. His ideas, it seems to me, derive a good part of their impact because they are culled from his own learning and his own difficulties with learning. Elevating his own difficulties, Holt makes differences in learning style respectable. I found it easier to give up old self-protective barriers and to understand freshly with him, and I'm sure this is the experience of lots of teachers.

Holt is quite relaxed about "essential" curriculum. Starting with the daily lives of the children, their interest in themselves, he thinks that "the whole world can be explored starting from any place." The emphasis remains always on "seeing" the child in a wide-ranging context. A large section of the book shows how number can be used; he takes mathematics and puts it into a broad framework of certain large questions that children want to explore—"measuring length," "measuring strength," "measuring ourselves." Holt points out that children value strength and want to measure it, and he offers fascinating suggestions on how to do this in the classroom and incidentally to encounter mathematics.

Most of what he suggests about number may relate to older children. But his discussion of writing—and even before that, his discussion of talk—is full of ideas that can certainly be used by teachers of young children. These sections on writing and number could stand as pamphlets to be pored over by teachers as they project possibilities for their classrooms.

Of course, Holt, ignoring institutional organization as usual, assumes the teacher is free to develop curriculum in this way, and certainly it is true that even in the circumstances of fixed curriculums and scheduled classes much of what he suggests is usable. But Holt discusses no possibilities or instances of change in the system's structure. He is uncompromising in loyalty to the children, and he calls on teachers to take a stance where the consequence to the children is great. If the teachers cannot change the situation, they should leave because staying means making "a stronger commitment to the system than to the children." He urges organization as a means of supporting the defiant stance but offers no organizational program. He assumes that the teacher's stance for change will meet an impenetrable wall and moves to the next position—schooling *outside* the public school system.

Nevertheless, Holt offers to the many teachers moving toward change within the public school system reinforcement of their views of the teacher-learner relationship and a host of curricular ideas. Even more, perhaps, he offers a reintroduction to some classic writers, lacing quotations from their work all through his argument. A sizable segment of the "new" literature on open education is introduced in this way, and, though never of the quality of Dennison's similar reintroduction of Tolstoy, it is a pleasurable feature of the book.

As I turn to the last page of *What Do I Do Monday?*, I can feel with few reservations that the book is a real contribution. The usual Holt discussions on learning process are given in fresh terms. Holt can and has helped thousands to some comprehension of what is meant by saying, "The learner is at the center of his learning," and he well serves the nationwide discussion of school change when he bases the rationale for change on an analysis of learning.

*Lillian Weber, associate professor, elementary education, City College, is the author of "The English Infant School and Informal Education" (Prentice-Hall, Inc., for the Center of Urban Education), to be issued this September. She also directs the advisory program for the Open Corridor organization in New York City public schools.*



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**HOW TO CHANGE THE SCHOOLS: A Parents' Action Handbook on How to Fight the System**

**by Ellen Lurie**

Random House, 293 pp., $7.95 cloth, $2.95 paperback

*Reviewed by Miriam Wasserman*

■ Between now and that great day when all schools will be places of freedom and fulfillment—or else historical curiosities, like the public stocks—millions of school children are going to be routinely neglected, insulted, and injured every year in every town and hamlet of every state of the Union. If their parents are aware of the children's plight and believe in their own and their children's right to respect at the hands of public institutions, they may be able to mitigate the distress. If in doing this, they acquire some wisdom about the meanings of school oppression and some expertise in ways of overcoming it, they may also help to bring about the great day.

Ellen Lurie's *How to Change the Schools: A Parents' Action Handbook on How to Fight the System* doesn't really tell how to change the schools, but it does propose some practical ways for parents to combat some of their most grievous excesses. The book informs parents about things the schools are doing to their children that are against the law or against the children or both, as well as about things they aren't doing that are mandated by the law or by the children's needs or both. It explains in considerable detail how the parents of a school or a district can get together and confront school officials so as to make them more nearly meet legal and/or human requirements.

Mrs. Lurie has been in the front lines of the New York City parents' battle for fifteen years and has probably antagonized more school defenders than any other one fighter—a considerable record in a system where hostilities are so intense that principals sometimes send for policemen to eject parents from "their" premises. Most recently, she has been associated with the United Bronx Parents, an action group headed by another veteran of the school wars, Evelina Antonetty. Well before the Great Strike of 1968, the UBP, composed mostly of Puerto Rican mothers, was battling for more nutritious and more palatable lunches, more textbooks, less corporal punishment, fairer allocations of experienced personnel, cleaner toilets—in short, more dignity for their children. Mrs. Lurie, as the UBP training director, helped the mothers learn about the intricacies of school budgets, lines of command, and administrative procedures. She also helped them develop organizational skills such as preparing leaflets, avoiding co-optation, dealing with potentially rival parents' groups, and using public hearings to advantage.

*How to Change the Schools* embodies a good deal of the material developed at UBP for those training sessions. It includes chapters on curriculum, school staff, report cards and parent conferences, parents' rights, and student suspensions. An "Action Checklist" at the end of each chapter suggests specific steps and procedures. For example, a section on interviewing teacher candidates includes a list of meaningful interview questions ("Why do you want to teach in this district?" "How do you expect to be evaluated?"). The checklist "How to Use a Public Hearing for Your Own Purposes" suggests that hearings can be used: to obtain an immediate solution to a "simple" problem (a fire alarm box that has been broken for months); to block temporarily a bad administrative decision; to educate those officials "who are still educable"; to communicate with other parents' groups; to go on record; to force a confrontation.

The section on ways of recruiting new teachers is straightforward and useful. The chapters on student suspensions and on the "cumulative record card" are of great social significance: These are the twin threats whose ever-present shadows teach the children to curb their impulses to freedom, to solidarity with one another, or to simple naughtiness, and so help them grow up to be adults who will respond obediently to the analogous twins of The Law and A (Secret) Record.

But while Mrs. Lurie understands that it is both false and arrogant for teachers to ascribe the children's problems to their parents' inadequacies, she herself embraces the converse fallacy. Despite a few disclaimers, a tone of hostility to teachers pervades the book. ("I think that many—perhaps most—teachers are really anti-children . . ." she writes on page 32.) The play of social forces, both inside and outside the schools, tends to implant parents and teachers in hostile camps, and this terrible social phenomenon was greatly aggravated by the events of 1968-69 in New York. Administrators can and do play the two forces against each other—to hold down budgets, to weaken now one group, now the other, and to prevent or monstrously distort school reform. Now, administrators have to do with administration, not with children. And it is from their administration in the service of interests whose concern is not children that there ensue the irresponsibility, inefficiency, arbitrariness, and arrogance that constitute the gravamen of Mrs. Lurie's charge against the schools. These can be overcome and education reconceived only by the community of adults who care about the children, that is, by their parents and their teachers acting together.

In the meantime, while waiting for the great day, and even as individual battles are lost, it is right that the children should see the adults who care about them fighting for their humanity and dignity. As Mrs. Lurie says, "Parents are up against unbeatable odds.... But time, and our children, are on our side. If we are willing to choke back our tears, we may find a way to fight the system. And as our children watch us fight for them, we may learn that we have educated our kids and beaten the system—despite the odds."

Fighting for an education is also an education.

*Miriam Wasserman is an educational consultant and author of the book* The School Fix.

*"Hey, honey, I'm home."*



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# New Books

**Can't You Hear Me Talking to You?** *by Caroline Mirthes (Bantam Books, 144 pp., 95¢),* is the idea of one of those pedagogical rarities—a teacher who listens. By means of never-to-be-graded compositions, Miss Mirthes's P.S. 15 children from New York's Lower East Side tell about their hopes and fears, describe their families, friends, and acquaintances, and paint a composite picture featuring rooftop panoramas, garbage-strewn street vistas, and intimate apartment house close-ups. Rendered yet more poignant by Jeffrey Levine's perceptive photography, this inexpensive title follows the Jacob Riis tradition of dramatic presentation. At once heartbreaking and heartwarming, it should be read by every citizen whose job it is to help improve the human condition.

**Behind the Classroom Door,** *by John I. Goodlad, M. Frances Klein, and associates (Charles A. Jones Publishing Company, 122 pp., $2.75),* musters the staff assistance of UCLA's University Elementary School in order to assess the feasibility of continuous reconstruction as a guiding principle in American schools. Collective findings in sixty-seven schools reveal several interesting impressions, including the "effort to twist . . . innovation into . . . established patterns of schooling." Among solutions to this sort of resistance to actual change, the authors consider of fundamental importance much more systematic and effective teacher training, far beyond the current mode of teacher preparation in an atmosphere of survival. Making due allowances for sampling size (and a labored opening metaphor about winds of change), this little book will interest all who have a right to know what schooling is and what it might be.

**Toward Humanistic Education: A Curriculum of Affect,** *edited by Gerald Weinstein and Mario Fantini (Praeger for the Ford Foundation, 228 pp., $7),* recounts the findings of the Elementary School Teaching Project, supported by the Fund for the Advancement of Education, and focuses on learning problems common among "low-income, minority-group pupils." Working from the theoretical assumption that the school, not the pupil, must answer for deficiencies, ESTP directors Fantini and Weinstein supervised the development of models specially significant to students whose self-concern blocks cognitive growth. Beyond modular hypothesizing, however, the book comes up with practical techniques and exercises useful in developing healthy self-esteem in all sorts of classes, not just those of the allegedly "disadvantaged." Prolific in its suggestion of sensible alternative approaches to a balanced education.

**The University Crisis Reader: The Liberal University Under Attack,** *Volume I, edited by Immanuel Wallerstein and Paul Starr (Random House, 558 pp., $10);* **The University Crisis Reader: Confrontation and Counterattack,** *Volume II, edited by Immanuel Wallerstein and Paul Starr (Random House, 515 pp., $10),* make up an important collection of contrasting polemics persuasively employed during the university uproar of the last five or six years. In company with tightly written editorial assessments, such disparate protagonists as Mario Savio and Spiro T. Agnew, Mark Rudd and Grayson Kirk, John Holt and Jacques Barzun debate the grave issues of war, poverty, and racism that erode faith in American liberalism. Particularly strong on university governance, Volume I illustrates shifting emphasis from university paternalism to due process, relevance, and classroom democracy. In documenting the activities of student leftists, Volume II tells of stiffening conservative resistance that challenges the radical intellectual to defend the university as well as criticize it. We have here an excellent edition of prime importance to university communities everywhere, especially those whose mundane preoccupations have muffled the sad echoes of Kent State.

**Sex Education on Film: A Guide to Visual Aids and Programs,** *by Laura J. Singer and Judith Buskin (Teachers College Press, 170 pp., $3.95),* will interest teachers charged with conducting sex education classes and prove helpful to producers of visual materials. Consisting of a brief introduction on use and discussion potential, leading questions, annotated bibliography, sample programs, lists of distributors and resource agencies, and indexed by age, socioeconomic group, and title, this work provides critical commentary on more than 100 movies, film strips, and slide sets. A very useful resource.

**Nobody Can Teach Anyone Anything,** *by W. R. Wees (Doubleday, 203 pp., $5.95),* gives us yet another example of the look-what-they've-done-to-our-children genre of educational writing. In line with the title, Wees adopts a whimsical stance. He points to the futility of forcing pupils along the achievement road. Respect and provision for natural growth, he argues, are what lead to a child's acquisition of knowledge. In this regard, colleges and faculties of education are of little help. They are said to take the form of Ed Sullivan shows rather than of teacher preparation centers. Sentimental, and at times abruptly punctuated by favorite aphorisms, poems, recollections, and enumerated explanations, this book nevertheless offers some good material for productive discussion.

**If Teachers Were Free,** *by Richard Renfield (Acropolis Books, 159 pp., $4.95),* joins Leslie Hart and others in the realm of the literary utopia. Renfield provides a distinctly Deweian educational order. The growing community of Potseloo hires Mr. Chubb, a visionary given to compulsive citation of John C. Holt, Edgar Z. Friedenberg, John Dewey, George S. Counts, and others who have pleaded for imaginative flexibility. Clearly affected, Chubb's teachers invoke Jerome S. Bruner, E. Paul Torrence, Abraham H. Maslow, and Jean Piaget in justification of their own ideals. In such distinguished company, life can be beautiful at Potseloo, and Potseloo ways of doing things can spill over into urban settings too. Concluding sections set in bold type emphatically reject educational rigidity. Precious.

**Suzuki Education in Action: A Story of Talent Training from Japan,** *by Clifford A. Cook (Exposition Press, Inc., 114 pp., $5),* tells of a man who believes with Casals that music will save the world. Cook's book proves repetitious, and his explanation of repetitiousness —that repetition characterizes the Suzuki method of violin instruction— seems transparent. The principal value of this otherwise disjointed piece is its explication of the way the dedicated Mr. Shinichi Suzuki effectively employs in the case of music a technique long known in guiding children toward mastery of their mother tongue.

—JOHN CALAM.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 28: retails, realist, saltier.



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# Russia's Children

*Continued from page 43*

that the average level of Soviet preschool education is considerably higher than that of the slapdash arrangements in some rural areas. The ordinary Soviet kindergarten places strong emphasis on helping children develop everyday skills that will enable them to function smoothly within a group. Russian kindergarten teachers expect children to perform a wide variety of tasks at a much younger age than that at which American youngsters are required to master equivalent skills.

The "Program of Education in the Kindergarten," a manual designed for use in all Soviet preschools, lays out an imposing course of training for two-year-olds.

> In his third year, the child should be trained in the following skills and habits: washing his hands before meals, eating neatly, and using his right hand predominantly; by the time he is three years old, the child should be holding his spoon correctly and using a napkin, and getting it before the meal and putting it back afterwards; he should not be getting up from the table until he has finished eating and should not be interfering with other children during meals; he should say thank you after the meal, wash and dry his hands by himself, put on and take off various items of clothing and footwear, unbutton and fasten the buttons in front, untie shoelaces, know the right order in dressing and undressing, and put away promptly clothing that he has taken off.

Nearly all of the kindergarten activities—playing, eating, singing, drawing—are done collectively rather than individually. "There is a time for work and a time for play, and the children must understand this," said one young teacher. "It would only confuse a child to see the person next to him doing something different. Children learn by imitating."

The belief that children learn by imitation is neither startling nor unique to the Soviet Union, but some Russian teachers seem to feel that imitation is the only way children learn. In one Moscow kindergarten, a teacher proudly showed me a collection of drawings that had been done by her three-year-olds. The drawings were remarkably precise, and only two scenes were depicted: a group of children doing gymnastics and another group drinking milk. Every object in every picture was correctly colored, although three-year-olds ordinarily produce fanciful drawings in which colors have little relation to reality. The teacher explained that art lessons consist of copying from a model picture. "We have one period a month in which children are allowed to draw a subject of their own choice," she said.

—FPG

**In rural areas, preschool facilities are far inferior in both quality and quantity to those in the cities. Only a small minority of the children attend kindergarten for even a year.**

Group activities and learning by imitation both are used to reinforce another basic goal of Soviet preschool education: instilling in children patriotism and respect for Communist ideals. Pictures of Vladimir Ilich Lenin occupy an important place in every kindergarten room; children decorate the pictures with flowers. Younger children hear stories about Dyadya Lenin (Uncle Lenin) and his important role in founding the Soviet state. In their stories, teachers stress Lenin's love and concern for children; occasionally, this approach produces results that even the Ministry of Education might not find desirable. The four-year-old daughter of an Asian diplomat was attending a Russian kindergarten. She came home one day and stared with unusual concentration at a small statue of Buddha in the corner of the living room.

"What does Buddha mean?" she asked her mother.

"Buddha is not exactly a god," her mother replied, "although he is something like what your friends from other countries call God. We consider him the wisest of teachers, someone who has shown us how to live."

The child answered, "But Lenin is our only God."

The exchange illustrates an important difference between the patriotic propaganda directed at small children in the Soviet Union and comparable efforts in the United States. American youngsters are taught to honor historical figures like George Washington and Abraham Lincoln; Soviet children are expected to love Lenin. In a very real sense, the patriotic training children receive in Soviet kindergartens is comparable to religious education in other countries.

Because the major effort of Russian preschool education is directed toward the development of social skills and virtues, less time is devoted to certain kinds of preparation for the academic work of elementary school. Teaching children to read before they are seven years old is considered harmful by the majority of kindergarten teachers. The director of one school said flatly, "Children simply are not interested in reading when they are only five or six. It takes away their childhood." There is little recognition that different children become interested in reading at different ages.

Many middle-class Russian parents—as eager as their American counterparts are to see their children perform well on the first steps of the educational treadmill—are clamoring for earlier reading programs. Reading for five- and six-year-olds has been introduced as an experiment by selected kindergartens in several large cities; by all accounts, children have responded eagerly, but teachers have needed considerable retraining to overcome their resistance to such a major change in the traditional preschool program.

Reformers within the Soviet education establishment favor strengthening the academic side of the preschool program and are also convinced that kindergartens must begin to pay more attention to individual differences. Soviet elementary and secondary education is now entering its most important period of reform since the basic pattern for education in the young Communist state was laid out in the early 1930s.

The basis of the curriculum reforms introduced this year in all Soviet schools is the idea that children should be taught to think rather than simply to copy and memorize. Although the changes are likely to proceed at a glacial pace, their influence may eventually be felt in nurseries and kindergartens as well as in regular schools for older children.

Says one reform-minded educator: "I am convinced that the objections of many parents to state kindergartens would disappear if more attention were focused on the individual needs and abilities of children. If there is an alternative like a babushka, an intelligent parent will refuse to send his child to a kindergarten that is only, as you Americans say, for baby-sitting. The kindergarten has to offer excitement for a child's mind as well as training for collective life."



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# Canadian Universities

*Continued from page 45*

getting jobs—unemployment is as high as 8 per cent in some fields. These facts have won the movement considerable public sympathy—and have stirred up enough anti-American feeling to make many American professors feel no longer welcome.

Mathews and Steele and their associated campus committees are currently pressing for an immediate moratorium on the hiring of non-Canadian faculty until a national university policy is developed to ensure a Canadian orientation to the universities. They are also demanding that provincial governments pass "hortatory" legislation *urging* universities to develop departments with a two-thirds Canadian faculty majority and that they also pass legislation making Canadian citizenship mandatory for all new administrative appointments from department chairman to chancellor. Most recently, they have urged the federal government to revise immigration regulations to tie admission of foreign professors to domestic academic supply and demand.

Despite growing public support, the nationalist academics have so far been unsuccessful in having these demands adopted. The Canadian Association of University Teachers and the Association of Universities and Colleges of Canada (the administrators' organization) have rejected them. The liberal academics generally believe that, as one professor said, these demands are "destructive of our universities." What particularly makes them bristle with opposition is not merely the citizenship-quotas suggestion but the appeal for government intervention. To them it borders on heresy.

The conflict on this issue, however, goes beyond disagreement over specific reforms. At root, it comes down to a confrontation of differing conceptions of the university and its responsibility to the society in which it exists.

The liberal academics reject the "Canadianization" demands because they see them as basically restrictive. And they are opposed to any more restrictions than are absolutely necessary in the conduct of academic affairs. The arguments on which they base this opposition are rooted in the history and tradition of the university in Western society.

Freedom and universality, in their view, have traditionally been the hallmarks of a university. Even the earliest medieval universities, founded under the auspices of king or church, were self-regulating communities of scholars and teachers with a surprising degree of freedom from outside interference. With Latin as the common language, which facilitated the free flow of ideas and scholars throughout Europe, academic affairs also had a remarkable degree of universality. Since that time the university has struggled forward, through periods of setback, to achieve its present pinnacle of unprecedented academic freedom.

*—The Canadian Press*

**Professor James Steele of Carleton University is currently pressing for an immediate moratorium on the hiring of non-Canadian faculty until a national policy develops.**

But, despite all the change and growth, liberal academics argue that the university remains a world institution, much as it was in the narrower world of the Middle Ages. The world is its constituency, not the nation, argues Dr. William Webber, anatomy professor at the University of British Columbia. "There is a sense," he said, "in which a university is both a national and a provincial institution, but this is in the sense of being located within those boundaries and making a contribution to the nation and the province. This is secondary to the university's primary function, which is the preservation of the existing store of human knowledge, the advance of that store, and the transmission of it." Knowledge, then, is believed to be universal; hence, nationality of faculty is seen as irrelevant. To the liberals, academic competence must be the sole criterion for faculty appointments.

In line with this philosophy, the liberals also argue that introduction of citizenship restrictions would open the door to mediocrity and parochialism in the universities. As one professor spluttered: "We want a university that's cosmopolitan—not a little backwoods shop!" It is pointed out that this has been the result in the past when universities have been brought under rigid external control; kept under the heels of local rulers following the Reformation, many European universities fell into a lengthy stagnation. The liberals believe that only by retaining the existing hiring system will Canadian universities continue to be "intellectual market places" where people of diverse backgrounds mingle and are stimulated by the exchange of a wide range of ideas.

Another factor underlying the liberals' resistance to "Canadianization" is fear that, if the nationalists succeed, academic freedom will be abridged. "If you once say that you must be a Canadian citizen to hold a university professorship," argues Dr. Thomas Perry, an American-born University of British Columbia pharmacology professor who recently became a Canadian citizen, "then it's a very easy step to say that you must be a Canadian citizen who has certain political views, you must be a Canadian citizen with a certain color of skin, you must not be Jewish, and so on and so forth." A common, if extreme, interpretation of the implications of the nationalist movement, this view clearly owes much to memories of Nazi Germany and, more particularly, to McCarthyist America.

The liberals, then, wish to maintain the present academic environment in Canadian universities, since they believe it to be a healthy one for the pursuit of knowledge, which, in their view, is the fundamental role of the university. There is freedom of inquiry and teaching; and there is free exchange of ideas and scholars between Canada and other lands. And, they argue, it is precisely through this academic freedom that the universities can best serve Canada by bringing Canadian students into contact with the diverse ideas of top scholars from all over the world.

The nationalists, however, look at the university from a different angle, regarding it as a vital part of a country's cultural equipment. Consequently, they give greater priority to the university's role in contributing to an understanding of the nation in which it has its roots and in facilitating the expression of native genius, than do the liberals. Faculty nationality is thus a matter of importance, since they believe nationality—another name for experience—does influence the nature of scholarship and teaching. It is believed that all knowledge is not merely universal but is in fact the congregation of particular national contributions. To the nationalists, the Canadian university should be a vehicle for a distinctly Canadian contribution to world knowledge.

Nationalist academics argue that the



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liberal ideal of the university, like any other ideal, doesn't measure up in reality—least of all in Canada. For one thing, the conditions for completely free exchange of scholars among the world's universities do not exist. A system of work permits prevents unrestricted influx of foreign scholars into Britain, where about 90 per cent of the professors are British. Citizenship is required to obtain tenure in universities in West Germany, France, Italy, Sweden, and Denmark. In the United States, a visitor's visa allows a foreign scholar to teach for only two years—then he must leave. For him to hold a permanent post, his prospective employer must first demonstrate that no qualified American is available, and the job must be available two years in advance, since it takes that long to have the immigration application completely processed. None of this applies in Canada; the door is completely open.

Despite the liberal rhetoric, this situation has clearly not produced a broad mix of scholars of differing national backgrounds. There is, as noted, a preponderance of American academics. And they are particularly strong in the humanities and social sciences, especially in sociology, anthropology, and political science—important areas in the transmission of a culture. For example, in 1969 (the most recent figures), it was found that: in the York University sociology department there were fifteen Americans and only one Canadian; American professors held 44 per cent of the political science positions at the University of Calgary; and at the University of Victoria Americans held 41 per cent of all social science positions. At McMaster University, where students recently staged a strike to protest American "domination," the political science department has only four Canadians out of eighteen full-time faculty members—twelve are American.

Does this mean that young American scholars are generally the best qualified? Or just the most *visible*? The latter conclusion seems more plausible.

Existence of the imbalance itself indicates that department chairmen have not searched as widely for new faculty as they might. They have, it seems, tended to rely on the "old boy" network, concentrating the search on their old universities, which so often are American—since many chairmen are either American or Canadians who did advanced work in the United States. Or is it mere coincidence, for example, that the University of Waterloo was recently found to have, in its social sciences and humanities divisions, three department heads and eleven other faculty members who were all graduates of the University of Illinois?

*—The Canadian Press*

**Robin Mathews, militant leader in the movement to "de-Americanize" the universities, declares that "Canadians are losing control of cultural and intellectual life."**

It is true, as well, that this imbalance can partly be explained by the frantic scramble for faculty to meet the rapid growth of Canadian universities—whose enrollment doubled to 300,000 in the decade 1960-1970—and the desire by many Americans to escape the turmoil at home. But beyond this there is a more fundamental, less excusable, reason for the situation to have arisen at all. Dr. Pauline Jewett, director of Carleton University's Institute of Canadian Studies, has pinpointed it: "There has always been a tendency in Canadian life toward a kind of intellectual colonialism, a reluctance to use one's own talents if other talents were available." It's the old inferiority complex again. Senior faculty can't seem to break the habit (once valid, now no more) of automatically rating an American or a British scholar above a Canadian (an uncouth colonial?).

Just as the faculty mix is far from ideal on Canadian campuses, so also is the mix of ideas—which again reveals the mythical quality of the liberal university in Canada. "The medium is the message," says Marshall McLuhan. And Robin Mathews believes this applies to the university as well as to the media. As he told a student symposium: "The medium in the Canadian university is the teacher and the textbook. And the medium that is the message in the Canadian university is increasingly the American textbook and the American teacher. He is bringing you the American perception of reality; he is bringing you the American message."

No one suggests—not Mathews, despite his eloquence—that this is the result of some kind of CIA-organized conspiracy. The point is that any scholar brings to his teaching or research a bias that is influenced by his experience, his world view—his nationality. What makes this a peculiarly Canadian problem is that it is easy for an American to assume—as many do—that Canada is but a pale carbon copy of the United States, since the two countries are superficially so alike. But beneath the surface the differences are profound.

Unfortunately, too many Americans do not become sensitive to these differences. In many cases, they are "birds of passage," intent only on building a reputation for future benefit back home. Others are almost refugees from their troubled homeland and tend to look on Canadian society with vision distorted by their national experience—of Vietnam, race riots, and political assassinations. Some, of course, do become knowledgeable about Canada and make a valuable contribution. But, overall, the preponderance of American academics tends to distort the educational process in a way that too often deprives Canadians of valuable insights—even from perceptive foreigners—into their own society.

Sociology 369 at the University of British Columbia is a case in point. This is a course studying mass society and protest movements. A few months ago, the course reading list was found to be exclusively American—not a word, for example, about Quebec's protest movement. The explanation of the professor, Ron Silvers, an American who has been in Canada six years, is significant: "When I worked out a course outline for Sociology 369, I didn't think of giving Canadian problems special consideration, not because that's not my interest, but I just didn't conceive the issue along national lines. The material I looked at was exclusively American. I guess there was a kind of built-in selectivity." Knowledge of the elements of protest movements in the United States or elsewhere is not likely to be completely transferrable to Quebec. With the continuing threat of Quebec's secession, this is a serious omission, since Canadians clearly must understand the roots of Quebec discontent if national unity is to be preserved.

This instance is a glaring example of what is happening. Rather than making Canadian universities more cosmopolitan, as the liberals would have it, current hiring practices are in fact making them more parochial: American parochial. Dr. R. J. Baker, president of the University of Prince Edward Island, points out that "in some sub-



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jects, notably literature, I think there are serious problems from too many Americans on curriculum committees. Not only do they not consider Canadian literature important, but increasingly they do not consider the main core of English literature." Much the same development is occurring in other academic areas, again perhaps owing to "built-in selectivity."

But what is most alarming about this process, obviously, is that it tends to "Americanize" young Canadians, who are already heavily exposed to American films, books, magazines, and television. A Laurentian University professor, for instance, was recently shocked to discover that of 260 term papers written for that university's introductory sociology course (taught entirely by Americans) nearly all focused exclusively on American problems and frequently used such terms as "my," "ours," and "us," when referring to the United States. This is not unique; studies have shown that young Canadians often know more about the United States than about their own country, and they occasionally blur the distinctions between the two.

All this is indicative of a basic reality of Canadian life, which is the need for some degree of cultural protectionism. This need has been recognized in areas other than the universities. For example, the federal Canadian Radio-Television Commission recently implemented tough regulations to cut back drastically the amount of American programming that can be broadcast over Canadian radio and television stations—American programs had been dominating the air waves. The fact is that a laissez-faire cultural policy simply does not result in Canada's exposing itself to a wide variety of influences of roughly equal intensity, which would be ideal. "Opening our frontiers to the world means in practice opening them to the United States," argues Professor Allan Smith of the University of British Columbia history department. "The open door is acceptable, and even desirable, but to leave it wide open would make Canada's cultural and intellectual life a mirror image of the American."

The academic nationalists are not opposed to the door being slightly ajar, but they believe it intolerable that it be left wide open, for no country can tolerate having both its economy and its culture taken over by its neighbors, no matter how friendly, and still call itself a nation. Yet that seems to be happening to Canada.

The extent of American investment in Canada is no longer a matter of satisfaction to many Canadians; it is an embarrassment and a source of anxiety. At present Americans own 99 per cent of oil-refining interests in Canada; 85 per cent of primary metal smelting; 78 per cent of chemical production; 77 per cent of the electrical apparatus industry; and 57 per cent of all manufacturing. Since 1963, close to 600 firms have been bought up by Americans, and the takeovers show no sign of stopping. The most recent *cause célèbre* involved the American takeover of three of Canada's largest publishing houses. And Canada's most prominent publishing house, McClelland and Stewart, was saved from being sold only by a $1-million loan from the Ontario provincial government to solve cash flow problems. The reasons for the academic nationalists' hard line are thus not difficult to understand.

—*The Canadian Press*

**Canadian novelist Hugh MacLennan declares that the continuance of the influx of American academics comprises "a program for national suicide," a view shared by many.**

Nor should it be difficult to understand that this hard line is probably harder in appearance than in reality. The Mathews and Steele demand for quotas and citizenship restrictions has, of course, thrown a scare into many academics. But they have perhaps taken the matter too literally, for one suspects that it is not the specific means that the nationalists are committed to, but the end result: Canadianization of the universities.

The door is thus open—if the liberals and nationalists can forget their mutual fears and work together—for the academic community to give the universities a more Canadian orientation voluntarily through such means as revising curriculum, vigorously seeking out qualified Canadian scholars, and materially assisting research and publication in areas relating to Canada—all without infringing upon academic freedom.

Voluntary "Canadianization" would be the ideal solution if for no other reason than that it is in the universities' best interests. The liberal concept of a university, as it has developed in Canada, is clearly not entirely beneficial to the nation. A sparsely populated country struggling to preserve a distinctive national identity while living in the shadow of a superpower, Canada is a special case, and the traditional liberal concept of a university may well have to be modified to accord with this reality.

Significant "Canadianization" appears, in any case, to be inevitable, for a growing feeling is evident among the public and governments in Canada—as elsewhere—that universities are too important and too expensive to be left entirely to the academics. In this regard, the fact that the Alberta provincial government has launched a commission to investigate "non-Canadian influence" in the province's universities may amount to writing on the wall. The possibility exists that politicians could use this issue to get more control of the universities, and, if so, they likely would not restrict themselves to trimming university budgets. Academic freedom might ultimately be abridged in a way that all academics would abhor.

It is likely that Mathews and Steele and their colleagues do not really want government intervention. But so desperately determined are they that they are prepared to accept such intervention as the means to "Canadianize" the universities—if the universities themselves refuse to put their own houses in order.

In the final analysis, the nationalists' ambition is simple and constructive. There is no intention to turn the universities into intellectual ghettos, rather it is to open them up to development of a distinctively Canadian intellectual life and to the possibility of distinctively Canadian contributions to the world of knowledge. For the great universities—Oxford and Cambridge, the Sorbonne, Harvard—have all been national institutions expressive of their nations' genius. That, unless one misjudges the nationalists, is the ultimate ambition here—to create universities that express Canada's profoundest conscience and genius.

---

**LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS**

1 f: *Love Story*, Segal; 2i: *Lolita*, Nabokov; 3e: *The Idiot*, Dostoevsky; 4j: *Poorhouse Fair*, Updike; 5h: *Demian*, Hesse; 6a: *You Can't Go Home Again*, Wolfe; 7d: *I, Claudius*, Graves; 8c: *Vile Bodies*, Waugh; 9b: *Finnegans Wake*, Joyce; 10 g: *The Stranger*, Camus.



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## Gertrude Stein

*Continued from page 14*

She was every bit as frail and as magnificently ugly—her hair was stringy and as untidy as an unkempt wig, and her upper lip was faintly fuzzy—as photographs I had seen.

The surprise was Gertrude Stein. I had heard and read much about her unwomanliness and her lesbian relationship with Alice. I found them both quite womanly, especially Gertrude Stein. She had a kindly, inquiring face, merry eyes indeterminately brown, and a strong mouth and nose. Her graying black hair was cropped close and combed mannishly, but her principal feature was her voice, which was musical, pitched low and smooth as fresh cream.

She was full of questions about Hemingway, whom she obviously disliked, and Thornton Wilder and Carl Van Vechten, both of whom she equally obviously adored. She wanted to know their whereabouts, and what they were doing. Yes, she had heard about Sherwood Anderson's death, but what was Bob Sherwood up to these days? I was able to inform her that Papa Hemingway, after sitting out the war in the waters off the Florida Keys, had recently been hired by my magazine to cover the northern front in the Battle of France, and that Bob Sherwood was involved with the War Writers' Board and similar activities, but I knew nothing about Wilder or Van Vechten.

But we were full of questions about her four years under the Nazis, and Gertrude Stein did most of the talking thereafter. She told us that in her opinion not all of the Vichy people were bad, though some of their leaders were evil men who collaborated freely with the Germans. She had no kind words for the French Vichy Militia, but for the most part, she said, the French civil servants and functionaries "and everyone generally" were in the Maquis or the FFI and "fooling the Germans the whole of the time."

As an American, and a Jewess to boot, she might have been fair game for the Gestapo, but the French officials never allowed the enemy to discover her identity. Three times, she said, she had had German officers quartered in her house as unpaying guests, but had let her servants deal with them—servants with wonderful names like Olympe and Clothilde—and when she personally had had to speak with them, her unwanted guests never caught her un-French accent.

"But once I had an Italian major and his aide-de-camp as guests," she recalled. "The major noticed my accent, but he didn't give me away as an American, which goes to show the difference between Italians and Germans in more ways than one."

After lunch, Gertrude Stein drew me aside and asked me if I knew Bennett Cerf. I said I did, adding that I was certain he was panting to publish whatever she had written during the Occupation. I also told her I thought my magazine might be interested in publishing excerpts from her work, or a special article or two. She said that as a matter of fact she had a manuscript ready; Alice was typing the last pages. Would I see to it that the manuscript reached Bennett Cerf? I said I would be delighted, and asked her permission to show it first to the editors of *Collier's*. She agreed, and told me to return the following day to get the manuscript. It would be ready, she said, even if Alice had to type all night.

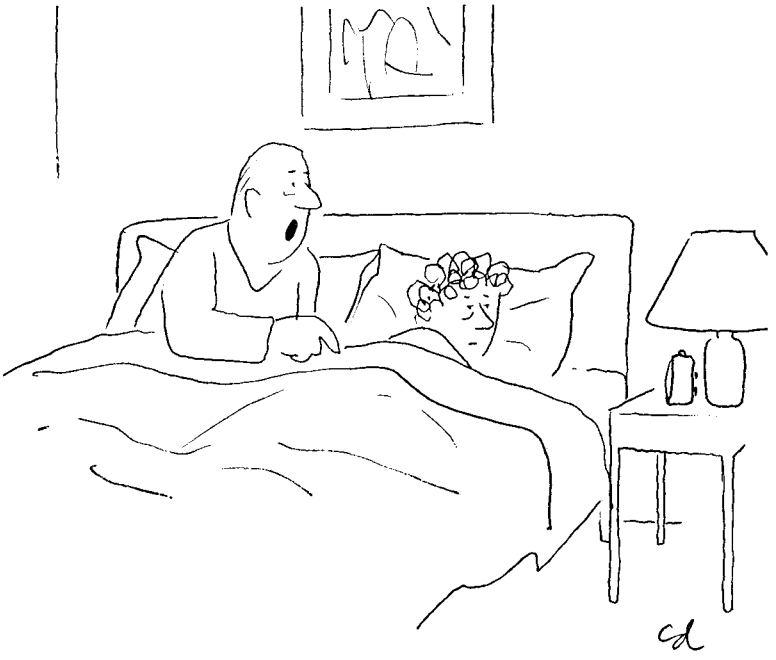
The manuscript she handed me the next day was entitled *Wars I Have Seen*. Its final sixty-five pages contain, in my humble opinion, some of the best writing Gertrude Stein ever produced, relating the story of the arrival of the Americans as liberators of her country of residence and of her rediscovery, through them, of the depth of her affection for the America of her birth. I shepherded the manuscript through a series of puzzled, semiliterate censors, and sent it on to *Collier's*, whose myopic editors failed to appreciate its literary value. It eventually found its way to Bennett Cerf and publication under the imprimatur of Random House.

Over lunch that last day, Gertrude Stein talked a lot about Hemingway, the high hopes she had entertained about his talents as a creative artist, and her gradual disillusionment. I did not make notes that day, but I distinctly remember her saying that in her opinion Hemingway was less an artist than a seeker after success. "Success, success, success," she said. "That was what drove him, not a search for truth." She was sure, furthermore, that Hemingway was tormented by a death wish. How right she was. She also said Hemingway lacked courage. I think she used the word "yellow," but I could be mistaken.

On parting, Gertrude handed me a closed, unsealed envelope. "This," she said, "is for you. Don't read it now. . . ."

On my way back to Grenoble that afternoon, bouncing along in a jeep beside a Press Office driver, I withdrew from the envelope nine pages of Air France airmail paper. Gertrude Stein had written a ballad commemorating our meeting, and I knew then that the deep affection that I had so quickly developed for her was reciprocated. I grieved when she died in 1946.

Years later, when I was based in Rome, Alice Toklas sought me out, and we also became friends. I have often wondered why it is that she and Gertrude Stein continue vivid and full-bodied in the darkening gallery of my memory, whereas the scores of other famous personages I encountered during the violent decade that spanned the Ethiopian War, the Spanish Civil War, and World War II—presidents, dictators, power-hungry politicians, even a couple of kings—have become in remembrance dim, duodimensional figures. I have concluded that it is because those two women were genuine human beings, loving and lovable, and endowed with the gift of friendship.



*"Eureka! I've just dreamed the impossible dream."*



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(Continued from page 59)

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# KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1950

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

**By Thomas H. Middleton**

| DEFINITIONS | WORDS |
|---|---|
| A. One who uses a ticket he hasn't paid for | 11 16 23 45 55 65 67 76 |
| B. Secret agents, detectives | 117 134 142 147 151 156 2 121 127 155 |
| C. Mock sea fight, as a spectacle among ancient Romans | 172 180 39 77 80 130 144 5 9 |
| D. Husband of Alcmene, son of Alcaeus, father of Iphicles | 18 93 81 99 104 110 158 148 164 185 |
| E. Giddy (comp.) | 26 40 62 74 98 107 112 114 125 128 136 |
| F. Uninteresting, prosaic (comp.) | 178 189 101 108 133 181 61 68 143 |
| G. Be in an advantageous position over (4 wds.) | 150 160 141 167 168 186 7 12 54 63 75 120 129 |
| H. Ocean perch; sheephead | 33 42 86 175 50 57 113 |
| I. City of SW Nigeria | 140 176 182 30 17 32 58 123 171 |
| J. — Nelson: lightweight champion, 1908-10 | 126 132 149 165 64 72 79 25 |

| DEFINITIONS | WORDS |
|---|---|
| K. Personally; before one's eyes (3 wds.) | 70 90 106 169 183 6 83 96 102 162 |
| L. Soft white cheese, similar to cream cheese | 10 37 85 118 161 1 20 59 122 131 |
| M. Coverings or outer layers of metal, wood, etc. | 28 43 87 89 14 19 94 115 36 73 |
| N. "There's many a good tune played on an —." (2 wds.; Butler, "The Way of All Flesh") | 157 95 105 31 137 190 13 119 173 |
| O. Disciple mentioned only by St. John | 35 47 21 111 154 53 84 187 139 |
| P. Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos (2 wds.) | 152 179 184 69 27 51 78 92 |
| Q. Rosaceous plant of the genus *Crataegus* | 166 188 4 109 8 174 46 138 |
| R. Regarded highly or favorably | 44 29 163 135 145 22 159 116 |
| S. "Marian's nose looks —." (3 wds., "Love's Labour's Lost") | 60 100 97 103 71 91 170 124 153 |
| T. Voiceless, nonvocal | 34 82 15 177 48 56 41 |
| U. Chattering European birds of the crow family | 38 24 146 49 88 52 66 3 |

### DIRECTIONS

*Don't let the definitions scare you. If you can guess five or six of these WORDS correctly, you should be able to solve the Double-Crostic . . . When you've guessed a WORD, fill in the dashes, and also write each letter in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When all the squares are filled in, you will have a quotation from a published work. Dark squares indicate the ends of words. If there is no dark square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . You should be able to see words and phrases begin to form in the diagram on the basis of having just a few letters. Enter the letters you can guess into the diagram and the blanks in the defined WORDS, and you'll find yourself working from WORDS to diagram and back, solving the puzzle . . . The initial letters of the defined WORDS spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation was taken. This acrostic feature can be very helpful to the solver.*

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 L | 2 B | 3 U | | 4 Q | 5 C | 6 K | 7 G | | 8 Q | 9 C | 10 L | 11 A | 12 G | 13 N | | 14 M |
| 15 T | 16 A | | 17 I | 18 D | 19 M | 20 L | 21 O | 22 R | 23 A | | 24 U | | 25 J | 26 E | 27 P | 28 M |
| 29 R | | 30 I | 31 N | | 32 I | 33 H | 34 T | 35 O | 36 M | 37 L | | 38 U | 39 C | 40 E | 41 T | 42 H |
| | 43 M | 44 R | | 45 A | 46 Q | 47 O | 48 T | 49 U | | 50 H | 51 P | | 52 U | 53 O | 54 G | |
| 55 A | 56 T | 57 H | | 58 I | 59 L | 60 S | 61 F | 62 E | 63 G | 64 J | 65 A | | 66 U | 67 A | 68 F | |
| 69 P | 70 K | 71 S | 72 J | 73 M | 74 E | 75 G | 76 A | | 77 C | 78 P | 79 J | | 80 C | 81 D | 82 T | 83 K |
| 84 O | 85 L | 86 H | 87 M | 88 U | | 89 M | 90 K | 91 S | | 92 P | 93 D | 94 M | 95 N | 96 K | 97 S | |
| 98 E | 99 D | 100 S | 101 F | | 102 K | 103 S | 104 D | 105 N | | 106 K | 107 E | 108 F | 109 Q | | 110 D | 111 O |
| 112 E | | 113 H | 114 E | 115 M | 116 R | | 117 B | 118 L | | 119 N | 120 G | 121 B | 122 L | | 123 I | 124 S |
| 125 E | | 126 J | 127 B | 128 E | 129 G | | 130 C | 131 L | 132 J | 133 F | 134 B | 135 R | 136 E | | 137 N | 138 Q |
| | 139 O | 140 I | 141 G | 142 B | | 143 F | 144 C | 145 R | | 146 U | 147 B | 148 D | | 149 J | 150 G | 151 B |
| 152 P | | 153 S | 154 O | 155 B | | 156 B | 157 N | | 158 D | 159 R | 160 G | 161 L | 162 K | | 163 R | 164 D |
| | 165 J | 166 Q | 167 G | | 168 G | 169 K | 170 S | 171 I | 172 C | 173 N | | 174 Q | 175 H | | 176 I | 177 T |
| 178 F | | 179 P | 180 C | 181 F | | 182 I | 183 K | 184 P | 185 D | | 186 G | 187 O | 188 Q | 189 F | 190 N | |

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 6 of this issue.



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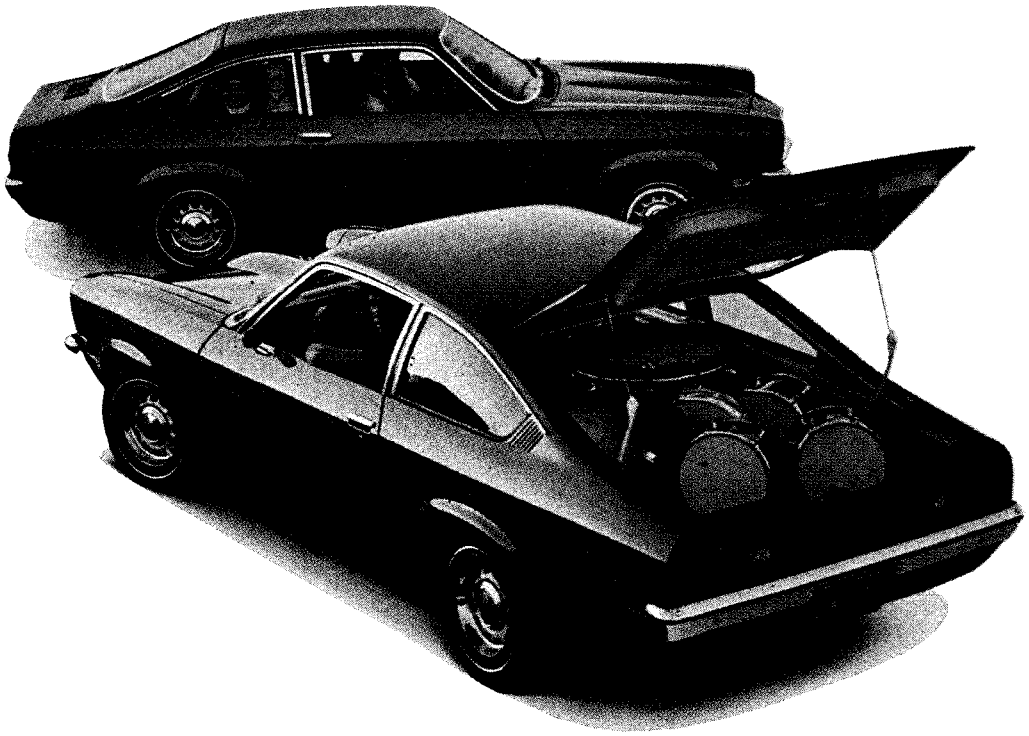

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